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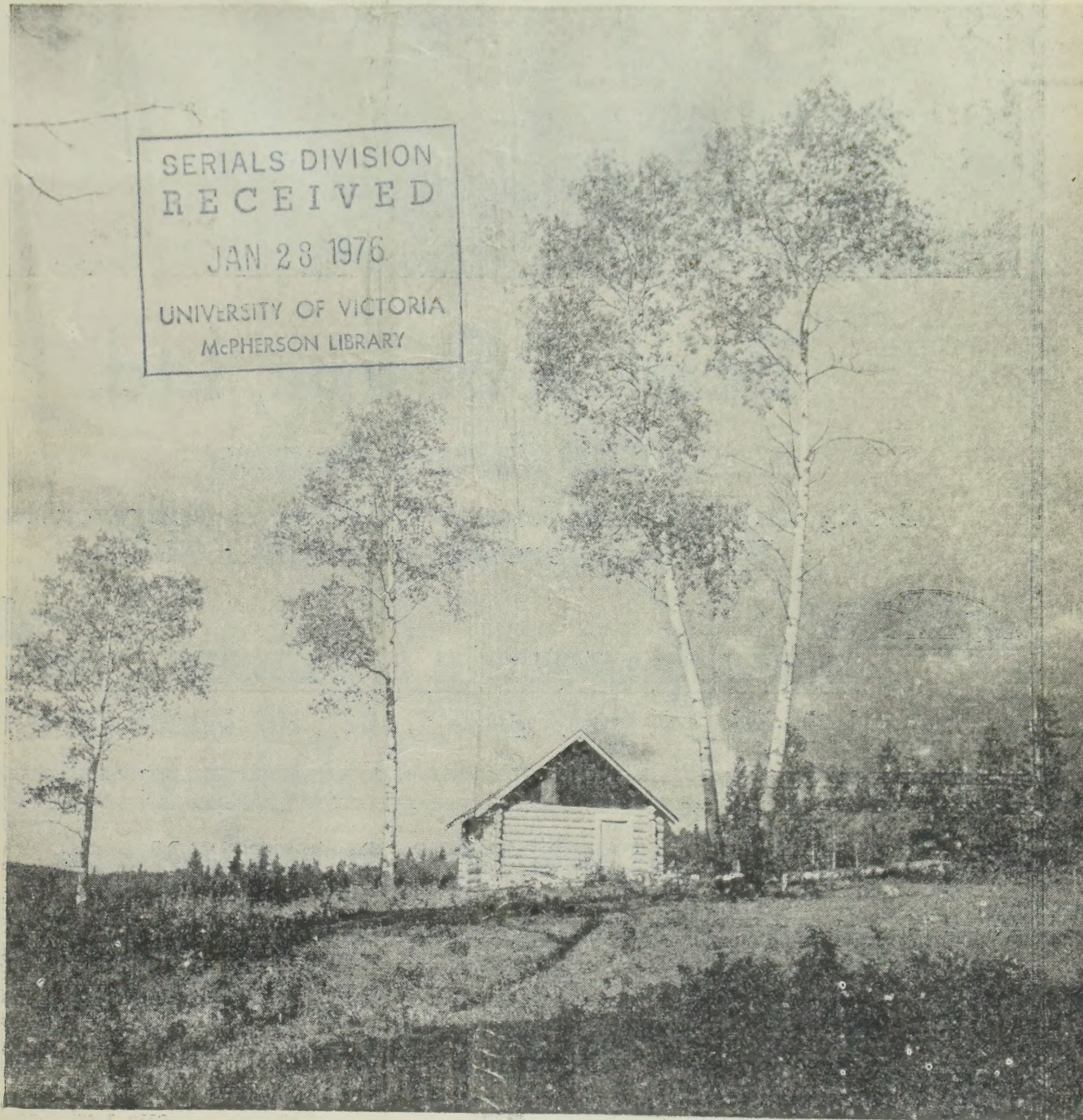
# Cariboo and Northern Digest

NORTHERN  
B. C.

v 2 #4



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- ★ BIG GAME GUIDE
- ★ B. C.'s. HISTORIC WATERWAYS

Volume 2 No. 4

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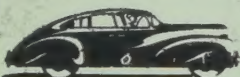




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# CARIBOO

and Northern B.C.

## DIGEST

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### Editorial

DR. FRASER BUCKHAM  
COLLECTION

BCPM-MODERN HISTORY 975.189  
**The Big Three**

We have heard a lot about 'The Big Three' nations of the globe, but virtually nothing of the 'Big Three' of British Columbia. Yet we have a 'big three' — three things upon which the future prosperity of B. C. is dependent — three things which *must* be accomplished if B. C. is to grow and prosper as her resources (if properly developed) are capable of making her grow. All other developments are incidental to, and will come as a natural result of these three, which in order of importance are :

(1) Completion of the P.G.E. to the Peace River, so that Southern B. C. can do business with Northern B. C. to the advantage of both.

(2) Equalization of the East-West freight rates, so that B.C. industrialists and manufacturers can have a fair chance at competing with the EAST in the prairie market for manufactured goods.

(3) B. C. *must* have a Steel Mill located near the industrial centre of Vancouver, so that cost of raw material to our manufacturers will be the cost of the metal itself, and *not* the cost of the metal *plus* the cost of hauling it 3000 miles across the continent (from Eastern Canada).

In considering B.C.'s Big Three, it must be remembered that Eastern Canada is definitely *opposed* to British Columbia ever achieving any of these ambitions.

Consider No.3 — During the past seven years *millions of tons* of structural steel, for the shipyards, the boilermakers, the bridge-builders, the engine and machinery manufacturers — every pound of metal we have *ever* used — has been imported from Eastern Canada to the tune of millions of dollars in freight paid to the two Trans-Canada railroads (which, as we know, are controlled back east)

Because of this, B. C. manufacturers have to be vastly more efficient if they are to compete with Eastern manufacturers in any part of Canada except B.C. — because their material costs them more before they ever get started. . . . How can a B.C. manufacturer of (let us say diesel engines) compete with an eastern manufacturer in the prairie market, when he must ship his raw material across the continent, process it, and then ship it halfway back and be expected to sell his product for the same or a lower price than his eastern competitor?

He can't! — To do so, he would have to be vastly more efficient in processing the goods from the raw material, so very much more efficient that the freight charges would be absorbed by that increased efficiency — B.C. manufacturers are good, but they are not *that* good. It is a hopeless advantage which the east has over B.C. that when some metal product manufacturer in B.C. is actually sold to the prairie market, it is front page news in the Vancouver daily papers — as was the case recently when in the face of the above advantage a Vancouver firm managed to sell a binder (of some sort) on the prairies against eastern competition.

Consider No.2 — In addition to the disadvantage outlined above under which our manufacturers are labouring we have the fact that Trans-Canada freight rates are *higher* on goods going *east* than on goods coming in *from the east*. This problem (its unfairness to B.C.) has been well aired in the press recently, and our Premier Hart has been fighting a never-ending, but apparently *losing* battle, to get equalization of the East-West rates. Again we point out that the governing body which decides what the rates are, is *not* a group of *Western* officials. On the contrary, their headquarters are in Eastern Canada, where *eastern* manufacturers

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# Bridge River Hydro Project

*from the Bridge-River Lillooet News*

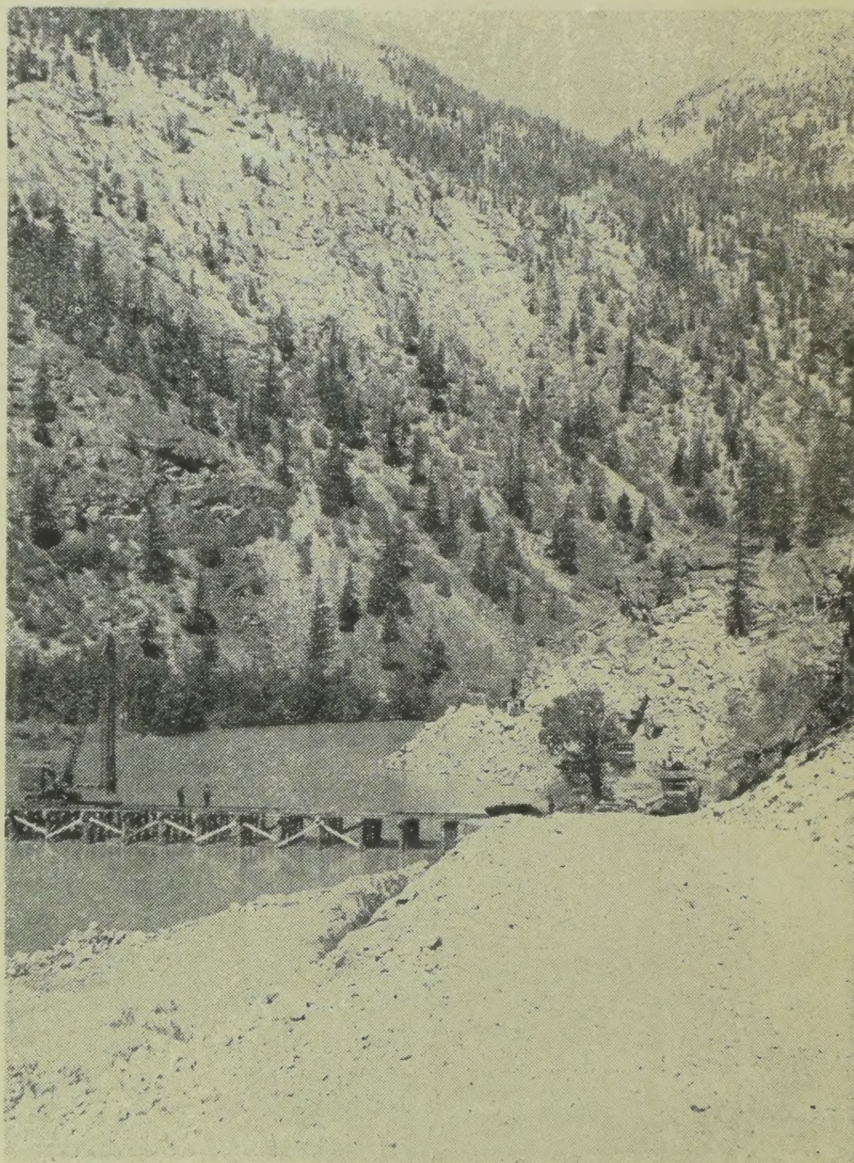
Lillooet district's \$27,000,000 hydro-electric development is now well under way with engineers making arrangements to divert the mighty Bridge River to make way for the foundations of a dam which will raise the water level of the river above the entrance to the penstocks which lead to the new power house installation at Seton Lake. Tunnels through Misison Mountain more than a mile and a half long, from 1000 to 2000 feet below the top of the mountain - will drop the flood of Bridge River down 1800 feet to the turbines at the edge of the lake at Shalath.

The development will provide hydro-electric power for Greater Vancouver industrial area and will take the place of electrical energy now being imported from the United States.

This is undoubtedly British Columbia's greatest post-war construction project. The scene below Hansen's Bridge (just over the mountain from Shalath) at the site of the new power dam is a buzy one. Truckloads of dynamite, steel, cement and other supplies have been reaching the site for weeks. These are hauled over the terrific grades of Mission Mountain from the P. G. E. Railway yards at Shalath, on Seton Lake.

A model camp has been installed for the men employed on the work. Scores of hard rock experts were recruited from among the striking miners at Bralorne, Pioneer and other mines in the district.

Following the preliminary work of the engineers, which has taken months in determining the possibilities of solid foundations far under the river, drillers were set to work to drill gopher holes in the batholith, preparatory to blasting and clearing a spot from which the great project could



Pile driver at work on temporary bridge used to haul cement, sand, gravel, lumber and general supplies to the site of the dam-proper which is some distance down river. This bridge will be removed after the main dam is built.

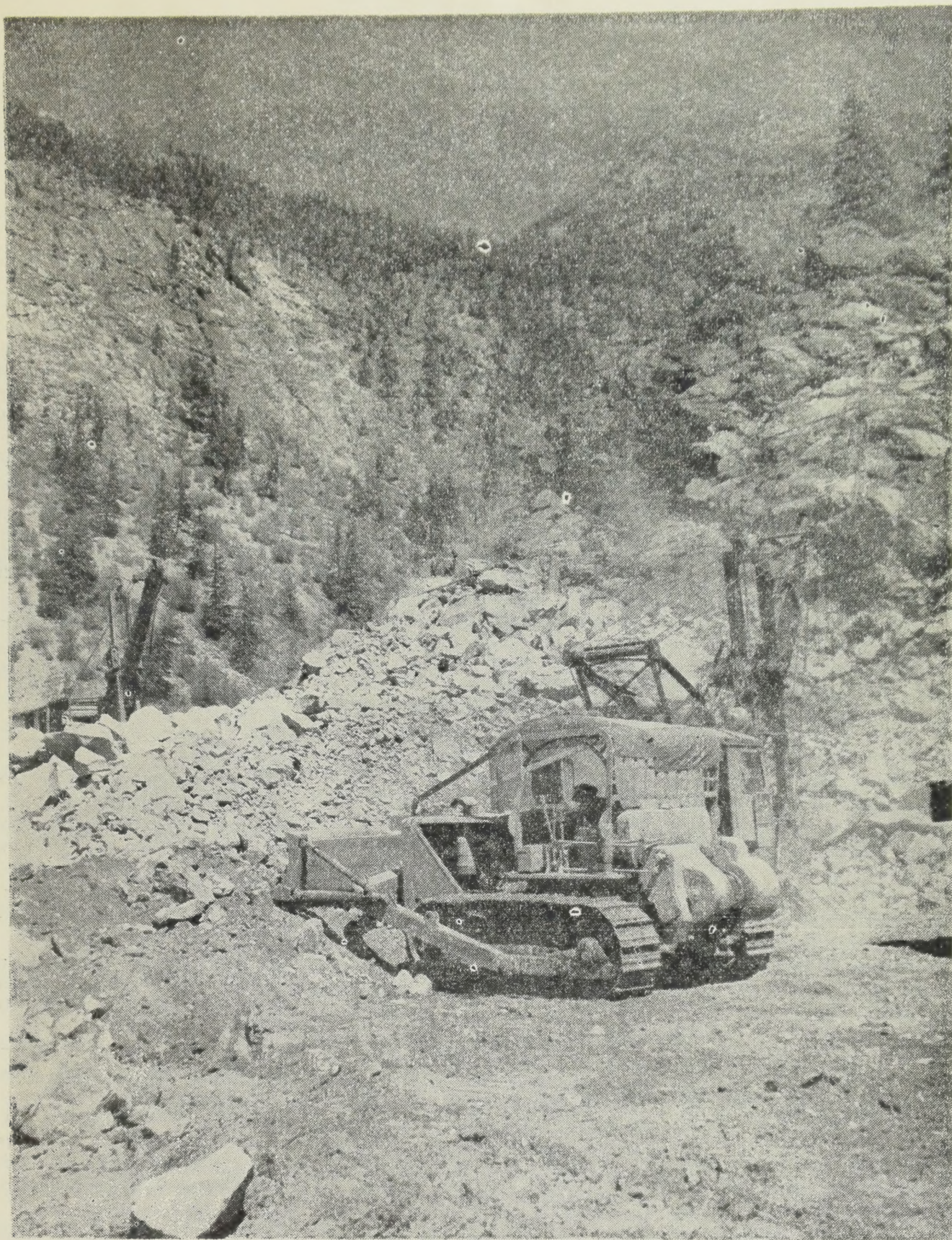
*photos by - Bridge River Lill. News*

bestarted. Roads were built in solid rock. A bridgehead, such as engineer W. S. Leggatt helped build for the Canadian Army overseas, was established. But it was a bridgehead for

a bridge yet to be built.

When 50,000 lineal feet of fir piling, much of it 60 or more feet long, was delivered, a pile driver was set to  
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This photo of an R.D. - 8 in action gives a slight idea of the type of rock-work that will be encountered during the construction of the dam — B. C.'s biggest post-war construction job



# Let The Wastelands Produce

by ERIC COLLIER

*President, B. C. Registered Trappers Association*

In the recent Fall issue of Cariboo and Northern B. C. Digest the B. C. Registered Trappers Association presented an article entitled 'All Well With B. C.'s. Fur Trade?' and made arrangements with the publishers of that magazine whereby some three thousand two hundred and twenty re-prints of the article might be submitted to the Registered Trappers of British Columbia. With the reprints went a ballot form asking,— (a) Are you in favour of prohibiting all shooting of Red Squirrel, (b) beaver, (c) muskrat?

Whilst the Association might have hoped at this date (November, 25th) to received more ballots than it has so far, they are nevertheless coming in steadily and every week, and to date result of balloting shows 98 percent to be in favour of prohibiting Muskrat, 95.5 percent Beaver, and 80 percent Red Squirrel

Leaving the issue of the Red Squirrel aside for the moment — if the ballots already received can be likened to a Gallup Poll of those individuals who are primary cogs in the mechanism of the Raw Fur industry of B.C. (and I think such ballots are indicative of the opinion of Registered Trappers throughout the entire province) we can, I believe, already take it for granted that one result of balloting will be an almost unanimous demand that laws, *with healthy teeth*, be inserted in the Game Act whereby the shooting of these animals — Beaver and Muskrat — be prohibited throughout the entire province. It might be here pointed out that this Association is keeping Commissioner Butler closely informed as to the trend of balloting.

Whilst we were, from the very beginning, almost certain of a heavy percentage in favour of the Muskrat and

Beaver question, we were extremely doubtful of the outcome regarding Red Squirrel. I will go a step further than that, and say we are still doubtful, for unless we can get a 70 percent majority in favour the issue will be dropped as far as this Association is concerned. Our own knowledge of these matters convinces us that without such a percentage in favour, we would meet heavy opposition from those quarters administering these affairs.

If the ballot accomplishes nothing else it has definitely proven one salient fact: that from one end of the province to the other, the Registered Trappers are, as a whole, thinking entirely in terms of better Fur and

*Starting with the Spring issue Cariboo and Northern British Columbia Digest will publish a series of articles on trapping, and the fur trade in general — written by an authority — and of vital interest to all trappers.*

Wild-Life Conservation. Each weekly mail we are receiving many letters from individual trappers and I would that it were possible to print but a fraction of such letters for the entire Province to read and digest. These many letters tell their own story far better than my pen can relate it, and they come from Registered Trappers who each winter derive no small revenue from the shooting of Red Squirrel, yet who nevertheless vote in favour of prohibiting that shooting because in the overall picture of Fur and Wild-Life Conservation the many abuses resultant from this large scale use of the .22 in the woods should be stopped. From Registered Trappers who have for many years been en-

deavouring against overwhelming odds to protect and increase the fur-bearing wealth of their individual lines— From Isle of Pierre (32 miles west of Prince George) — "I have spent considerable sums of money in planting wild-rice and aquatic plants..... only to have my efforts completely nullified by excessive fur theft....." — From Stule, (Bella Coola) — ".....hundreds of square miles of Beaver watersheds — not a living beaver. ....would like to begin the job of restocking some of those watersheds but under present conditions the effort would be futile."

From Prince Rupert, Nanaimo, Nelson, Terrace, Summerland, Kamloops, Prince George, Big Bar, Clinton, 70 Mile House — from all over the province they come and when you have perused the text of them all:— thousands of square miles of territory suitable for little else but Fur and Wild Life propagation are almost idle because the Government will not give that man — *the Registered Trapper* — the encouragement and protection he must have if he is to coax from these otherwise wasted acreages of the province that one and only source of wealth they can produce.

I believe I am justified in saying that we, the Registered Trappers of British Columbia, make the largest single contribution to the sum total of all monies accruing the Provincial Government from its Game Resources. In the year ending December 31st, 1944, the approximate total of all Game Revenues was *three hundred and twenty thousand dollars*, of which sum the Registered Trappers contributed *One Hundred and One Thousand, Five Hundred and Eighty Three dollars!* Or, in plain English language which all should be able to understand —

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# Big Game Guide

## *Chilcotin Style*

by Eric Collier



Let me see, these two lads from the Old Country, plus yours truly, spare guide, cook and truck driver — that's about half a ton. With one ton of equipment the Honourable gents from England bring with them another seven or eight hundred pounds of provisions and camp equipment..... hmm, that all totes up to somewhere around two tons; but shucks, what's a lousy four thousand pounds to a Half-Ton pick-up? And anyway we have left the main stem now and are heading west into the jungles.

Back here in this neck of the woods, once you have managed to get over the main roads you're alright. Now, now, Brother, don't get me wrong; for this here main artery of the Chilcotin country is a splendid piece of Government road work indeed (providing you forget all about it and hunt up a track for yourself out on the bald-headed prairie).

This road which Walt (allow me to introduce you to the truck-driver) is bullying the old Ford over is no different to any other of its kind in the Cariboo: starts nowhere and ends nowhere. And when Walt asks me if I think the truck can get through to Raven Lake (said spot being some fifteen miles in from the main stem) I tell him, 'Sure, back in '23 someone skidded a wagon over this same road

and where that guy could go with his wagon we can go with this Pick-up.'

What sort of game are we after this time? Anything we can get, providing it has horns, feathers or fins. Two cases of Scotch whisky are roped atop the cab and an outfit going out hunting with that much ammunition is likely to get most anything. A few quarts of Three Star Hennessy (Emergency only) too, which is a very good omen indeed; as Robert W. Service, the Bard of the Yukon, once said, Quote-- "Trust your Star but follow it far and Fortune will be kind." Unquote. Three Stars are better than one.

We climb the rise of a hogs back range and I cast a critical eye at my two guests just to satisfy myself they are situated snug and comfortable. Hon. Marmaduke, Monteith Mollinieux (which I abbreviate to the simple handle of Mollie on account of I suffer from asthma and am therefore very short of wind) is perched on top of the B. C. Camp stove which is a very safe place for him indeed. I removed the lids from the stove before loading it on the truck and his backside is wedged fast in one of the holes; so you can see he cannot bounce overboard without taking the whole of the stove with him. My other client, Timothy Trelathawny Skittlebrittle Esquire (Skittles to you Mister) is likewise in comfortable repose. From the

knees down he is draped over the tailboard of the truck whilst that big hound bog of mine (a very friendly animal indeed) has his hind feet on the gentleman's belly, his forepaws on his throat; so I reckon there is no danger of him taking a header into the top of a jackpine either. Always take pains to insure the comfort and safety of your guests. That's the motto of any good guide.

"What a country!" Mollie observes, clutching the rim of the camp stove in a vise-like grip. "Such splendid scenery! Such a magnificent panorama!"

"Grand," agrees Skittles, endeavouring to lift his neck free of the hound dog's paws. "Positively grand."

Hmm. Anyone making beauty out of a bunch of windfalls, rocks, jackpine and dried up timber grass has a very poetic soul indeed.

Getting into rough country now. Ding — Bang — Clatter — Bing! It's that skillet which I wired to a staple driven into the back of the cab. Every time we hit a boulder, which is right often, that confounded skillet sounds off like someone were pounding out the Bells of St. Mary's with a ten pound sledge hammer.

Hitting into the spruce timber now, some of it standing but most of it

*continued on page 29*



# The Big Tide

By W. N. (Rusty) CAMPBELL

A short time ago a local lawyer in a city on the north west coast of British Columbia had a call from an old Indian who makes his home at a remote cove on the Northern Coast. After considerable trouble on the part of the lawyer, his primitive client was induced to put his business in the form of the following statement. It concerned the age old claim of the Redman to his ancestral fishing grounds. It will be noted that his introductory to the early history of his people, together with their wanderings later on, bears a close resemblance to the story of the FLOOD. Indeed, it is not uncommon to find this Great Flood story form-

ing the back-ground of the history of all primitive peoples. It differs only, as a rule, in using the essentials of their daily life and search for food after the great waters had receded as are familiar and known to them.

Following, is the statement of the old Indian, with identical wording, no attempt being made to improve it in any way.

"Started with big tide — big tide cover *everything*. All one family, relations, use big canoe. Big tide cover all rocks — shipped them away somewhere. — After that, big tide is going down and they go all over the place where he went to get grub — he had

no grub at that time. He stayed in canoe too long time. He got no place to get grub and when he went down to this place to get grub, pulled canoe all over the place and he get one place — Bear-trap Bay. In there lots of salmon jumped in that bay when he was going there. My family's land is land in that bay and after that they pull all the stuff out of the canoe and go up the little river, and the stream and lots of salmon are jumping in that creek and he cutted a log right across and make a dam in there and after that he catch lots of salmon down here and he make dry salmon and smoked salmon all summer. — This long time ago — this country, he don't yet know about the White Father. — My family has been there all that time.

HIS X MARK

## Curious Expressions

Letters are constantly reaching the military department at Ottawa from relatives or boys overseas. Many of these communications are in comic vein, unconscious or otherwise. Some of the employees of the department have been making a collection of the oddities found in the correspondence. Here are a few of them, as culled from correspondence during the First World War. No doubt the Second World War produced its quota of similar curious expressions.

I ain't got no book learning and I am Writing for inflamation.

She is staying at a dissipated house.

I am a poor woman and all I have is in the front.

I have been in bed for 13 years with one doctor and intend to try another.

Just a line to let you know I am a window and have four children.

He was induced into the surface.

I have a four months old baby and he is my only support.

I didn't know my husband had a middle name and if he did, I don't think it was 'none'.

As I needed his assistance to keep me enclosed.

Kind Sir or She:

I am left with a child seven months old and she is a baby and can't work

Your relation to him? Just a mere aunt and a few cousins.

And he was my best supporter.

I am his wife and only air.

You ask for allotment number. I have four boys and two girls.

Please correct my name as I could not and would not go under a consumed name.

Please return my marriage certificate, baby hasn't eaten in three days.

Both sides of our parents are old and poor.

Please send me a wife's form.

Please let me know if John has put in an application for wife and child.

Please send my allotment. I have a baby and knead it every day.

You have taken my man away to fight and he was the best I ever had.

Now you will have to keep me or who in the hell will, if you won't?

My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon (platoon). Will I get more pay?

The man Ole Johnson to whom you sent the check, is dead, and wants to know what to do with the check.

I am writing you to see why I have never received my elopement (allotment).

more on page 32





# A MODERN CHRISTMAS CAROL



by Peter Lind

What would happen if 'Marley' were to show up in this modern money-mad world?

The study was large, luxuriously furnished, softly lighted, and successfully mirrored the carefully amassed wealth of the lone man reclining before the fireplace, his greying hair just visible over the back of a deep chair. The man had something on his mind — something which made him puff vigorously on a fat cigar and stare sourly into the flames.

A servant entered, and treading silently over the deep pile rug approached the chair, bearing on a tray, a glass of water and a sleeping powder. Depositing them at his master's elbow, he stepped back a pace, coughed artificially, and asked, 'Will that be a sir?'

The words acted as a spark on powder. The man turned, 'Jason', he shot at the butler harshly, 'You've been with me for a long time, but if you asked me for ten thousand dollars would you expect me to give it to you?'

The surprised servant hesitated under his master's searching scrutiny.

'Why — ah — no. No sir,' he stammered. 'I mean to say, I wouldn't ask it of you sir.'

'Of course you wouldn't! And that's why you're here. But what would you say Jason, if I told you that a man came into my office today, an absolute stranger, and asked me for just that amount?' Leaning toward the servant he continued, disdainfully jabbing at the thin air with his cigar. 'A donation, Jason! — A gift, if you please, to some home for unwanted

children. — Bah! he snorted clamping the cigar between his teeth.

'Why, I hardly know what to say sir,' ventured the bewildered butler, 'but under. . . .'

'Exactly! So I told him to get out, and do his begging elsewhere! Why the devil should I pay for them? Or anyone else, come to that,' he demanded angrily. 'Let those snivelling fools who beget them, pay, for their so-called love. And if they're too poor, why dammit, they shouldn't have any, and they'd be better off dead!' He glared at the unoffending servant. 'Isn't that right?' he demanded.

'I'm sure it is sir,' replied the butler stiffly, but if I may say so, it is late sir — and you promised.....'

'What's that? — Oh! Yes. Yes Jason, of course,' he sneered. 'I gave you my word. By all means, go. Play the fool for this one night if you must. But it's a lot of sentimental drivel, and you can take my word for it.'

Arranging himself irritably in his chair he dismissed the servant with a toss of his hand, adding, 'The lights Jason, remember them as you leave.'

'Yes sir. Good night sir.' The butler retreated hastily. A faint 'click' and the lights of the study winked out as the door closed softly.

The crackling flames diffused a cheerful glow about the hearth. The man studied the flames in silence for some time, and then emptied the powder into the glass and downed it in a single swallow.

'Sentimental fools!' he exclaimed, setting the glass down. His mind ran on — 'The world was full of them — always mooning about 'love' and the brotherhood of man. Bah! An excuse to be soft and weak and bring a bunch of sickly kids into the world for someone else to feed — and enough fool 'brothers' to do the begging.' — So his thoughts ran as with half-closed eyes he studied the flames.

Gradually as the long shadows played over the room, he relaxed; his ruffled features smoothing as he succumbed to the warming influence.

He did not hear the soft thud of the closing door and departing footsteps as the servant left the building. The fire slowly burnt itself to a bed of glowing embers. Eventually the last spark died out. — It was late. The full moon rode high in the heavens, streaming pale blue rays through the large windows, forming a checkered pattern across the floor. Dimly visible against the ornate fireplace the man was slumped in his chair, unwittingly fallen asleep.

Time, broodingly, seemed to stand still in the heavy, hushed atmosphere. Each deep rhythmic breath of the sleeping figure served only to intensify the gloomy silence.

At exactly what hour, it is not known, but slowly there filtered in from the remote outer world a new note; a faint muffled murmuring; a vague thumping, penetrated this sanctum, and so diffused itself about the room that it was impossible to say

continued on page 32



# Cattle Sales are The Darndest Things!

by F. W. LINDSAY

Cattle sale days in the Cariboo are approaching the status of national holidays. They are the darndest things. They have all the excitement of a circus, the appeal of a dozen sideshows, and are the focal point of the cattle industry which is very big business indeed. The cowboys work eleven months of the year in anticipation of the long drives to the stock yards at Williams Lake or Quesnel. And the fun begins the moment the Matt Hassens (senior and junior) mount the auctioneers rostrum.

"Here you are," roars Matt Hassen the elder. "Look at 'em! We'll start 'em off at ten cents."

He eyes the prospective buyers with an almost childlike faith. No one bids, no heads nod in assent. Matt Hassen looks sorrowfully at the pen of steers, shakes his head as though he could not believe the story which his eyes have told him.

"Ten cents, — surely to goodness they're worth ten cents. No? Well all-right, nine and a half."

Somebody among the crowd nods and Matt's eagle eyes pick up the nod as a top outfielder scoops up a ball.

"Youp," he howls, 'nine and a half I'm bid, who says nine and three quarters? Come on, come on, they're a gift at nine and three quarters, who says *ten*, who, — who?"

He pauses dramatically and looks at some unsuspecting buyer, who despite himself cannot refrain from nodding. That is all Matt requires. Mass psychology does the rest. For some reason the pen of 'critters' attains a lustre which arouses the cupidity of cattle buyers. The price reaches ten cents, ten and a half, and may soar to thirteen cents or more. It is Matt Ha-

ssen's show and he jerks the unwilling purse strings of the cattle buyer as a good showman jerks tears from the eyes of a semi-hypnotized audience.

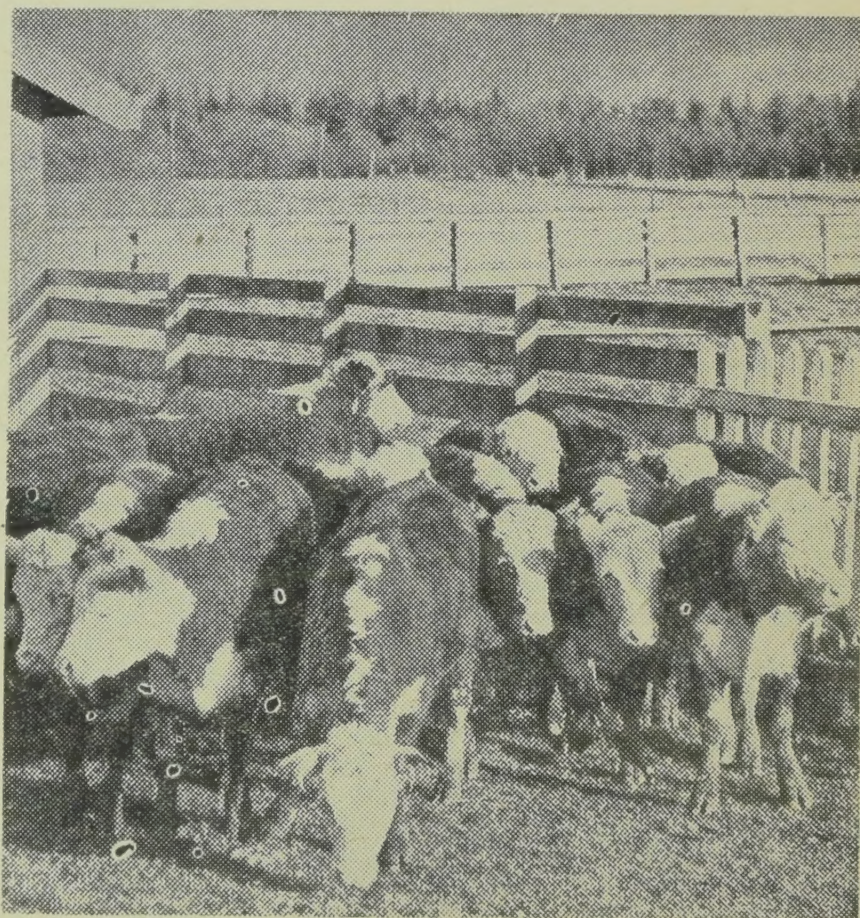
Cowboys, Indians, lumberjacks and ordinary citizens enter into the spirit of the thing. They are all for Matt and when he gets a good price, they mentally pat themselves on the back.

Practically all of the big packing houses have their representatives at the sale. Swift Canadian, Burns & Co., Canada Packers, and Pacific Meat, as well as David Spencer and Safeway are represented. Cattle are bought in

wholesale lots. Some for immediate slaughter and some for stocking ranches. The sale is a kaleidoscopic affair which causes the layman to chew each bite of roast beef with greater relish, as he dwells on the wonder of it all.

The wild west lives again at the cattle sale. Anyone so minded can see before his eyes the prototypes of many a childhood hero: Destry and Christian and the characters of Zane Gray ride up to the stock yards, nonchalantly tether their horses to a fence and stride in high heeled glory to the cat-

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Prime Cariboo beef ready to be auctioned off to the highest bidder.



# UTILIZE THE *Waste* OF THE B.C. WOODS

by Eric Ericson

A lot has been written about our present methods of logging, and many comment heard in regard to the great amount of waste left in the wake of logging operations throughout the province. The Royal Commission, which investigated the situation a year ago, amassed a report of six million words, which must be very indigestible as we see no new legislation designed to alter the situation to any great extent.

It is heartening, however, to note how this practise of looting the forests is being brought before the eyes of the public. And it is good to know that those who are taking a vital part in the production of B. C. wood products, i.e. the loggers, are really taking an interest in the problem of reforestation, and in how to better utilize all parts of every tree.

This waste, is waste only because it hasn't been found *profitable* to bother with it. But in reality it is far from waste, in that it comprises approximately 30 percent of each tree. At least 70 percent of this 30 percent is actually a large amount of good sound wood — which means that for every five thousand board feet of timber which we market today, we leave one thousand feet to rot in the bush.

On the coast our forest giants are so huge that they naturally invite (and receive) the roughest possible treatment before a single log arrives at the mills. In view of their tremendous size, the logger must (let's be fair about it) subject them to brute force before they can be persuaded to start their journey to the markets of the world. But the facts are, that when these giants fall and are hauled out of the woods by snorting steam, gas

or diesel 'donkeys', the singing cables with their prized 'old-growth' in tow uproot or snap off virtually every last young tree and sapling, leaving behind a very sorrowful looking mess.

Many a logger witnessing this spectacle daily, and for years, has wondered whether, if someday our seemingly inexhaustible supply of timber started showing signs of depletion, would the public, the government, or some interested agency do anything about it? The fact that there is in existence a Royal Commission report of six million words, is proof that the government is worried; that the forests are rapidly being depleted; and that the time has come for action.

Why should this so-called waste; the saplings, the small trees and the tops of the larger trees which have been logged out be left in the woods and allowed to rot when it could be used? It is by no means inferior wood. By comparison, small perhaps, but generally sound. As for size, almost anything can be used. In pulp mills for instance, all logs must first be reduced to chips in preparation for the manufacturing of pulp and paper. So it would seem quite possible

to use all this waste and make from it just as fine a product as is now being made from the wood of larger trees.

The editor of this publication, who comes from the interior, remarked to me that during the war years more than two million board feet of Airplane Birch logs were taken out in the vicinity of Quesnel, and that, due to the high quality demanded by this industry (each log had to be of a certain diameter, not crooked, and without stain etc.) there was far more than the usual amount of waste, and that in his estimation thousands of cords of the very best of stove wood was left to rot in the woods,— and that such waste was a great pity.

I pointed out that the annual 'cut' in northern B. C. is not two million feet (of spruce, fir, etc.) but two *hundred* million feet, and that this loss was therefore *two hundred times as great* as the loss of the thousands of cords of birch firewood he had mentioned. True, the north country could never use the amount of stove wood represented by this loss, but there are other uses.

continued on page 92

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# The Road To the Klondyke

## Ashcroft Route



by E. T.

### AUTHOR'S NOTE

1897, 1898! Hectic years, those, with the stampede of gold-fevered men and women to the Klondike at its height. Which way to take? To assist the eager travellers, various pamphlets were issued by railroad companies, industrial concerns, and merchants of towns (through which the recommended route would pass) describing the different routes and the estimated cost of reaching the promised land. The most favored was by way of boat up the coastal waters to the mouth of the Yukon, and thence to Dawson, a slow and crowded trip, but comparatively comfortable. Listed also were two all-Canadian routes, the first overland from Edmonton to the Athabaska, then following the Peace, Mackenzie, and Porcupine

Rivers: This was known as the Poor Man's Route, and proved unsatisfactory. The other, much easier, was the Ashcroft Route, and followed the Cariboo Road, on through central and northern British Columbia, and up the Stikine River, following the old telegraph trail to the Yukon.

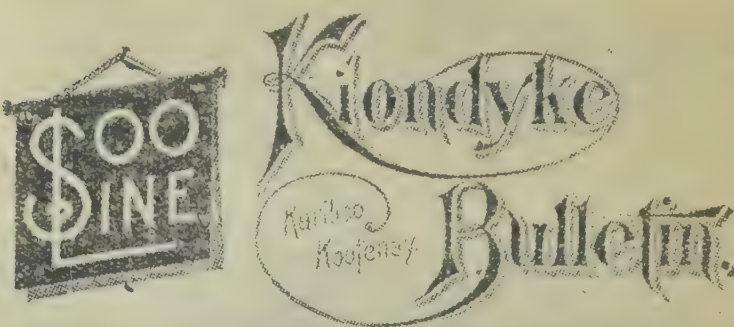
The Ashcroft route! What did it seem like to men who passed that way fifty years ago? A description can be read in a pamphlet issued at that time, *The Klondyke Bulletin*, published in Minneapolis. Told to the paper by a Mr. John Campbell of Washington State, it is a concise report of conditions as he had found them, with no romantic digressions or tall tales such as are so often included. Mr. Campbell

apparently considered the country favorable and the road good, which should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the speeding tourist of today, who carps at a bit of washboard or a sharply curved turn.

Besides Mr. Campbell's report, the pamphlet contains some comment on the subject by Dominion Surveyor Mr. Pourier, which bear out Mr. Campbell's findings.

Some of Mr. Campbell's notes are herewith given; readers can imagine how eagerly they were read and talked over when they first reached the hands of prospective fortune-seekers.

*Extract from the Bulletin Feb. 7, 1898*  
continued on page 28



Vol. I No. 10

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., FEB. 7, 1898

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The Klondyke Bulletin is a concise report of conditions as he had found them, with no romantic digressions or tall tales such as are so often included. Mr. Campbell

To the Great Gold Fields of the Northwest Territory - The Poor Man's Route to the Klondyke - An Ashcroft Route.

A Visit to the Great Trade Centre and Distributing Point in Alaska - The Klondyke - An Ashcroft Route.

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# Tete Jaune Cache

by A. F. ANDERSON

The building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway provided innumerable romantic interludes, many of which would have been recorded, and so preserved for the interest of future generations, had there been a writer on the spot.

Fortunately there was, in a few instances, a historian present who was able to depict, usually in a romantic strain, incidents in the life of the mushroom towns that sprang up along the right-of-way; towns which flourished for a day and died.

Perhaps the most notable romance written on this subject was Robert Service's 'North of 53'. This book faithfully portrayed the life of certain people living in the town of Tete Jaune Cache.

The 'Cache', as the town was generally called, was situated on the upper Fraser River at a point where navigation for the river steamers ended. Consequently the place became a busy port supplying the many and various needs of the people building the railroad, west from Jasper to Prince George, and also, the wants of the numerous vendors of the somewhat dubious entertainment enjoyed by the he-men of this wide open town and district.

In a period of months the Cache became the bustling centre of, reputedly three thousand people, but with the completion of the railway to Prince George river transportation became unnecessary and the town died and joined the ever increasing army of B. C. ghost towns.

The original Tete Jaune Cache, discovered in 1827, was named after a

yellow haired Iroquois trapper, who used to 'cache', or put in a temporary storehouse or shelter, the furs he had trapped or procured from the Shuswap Indians in the vicinity.

It was the western approach to a pass over the Rockies by way of Jasper House, situated about where now stands Jasper Park Town. The pass sometimes referred to as Heather pass, became famous in the annals of the Hudson's Bay Co., and was the company's principal route to the east for many years until a better route was discovered through the Peace River Pass, though for a considerable time after, two expeditions a year were dispatched from here down river to Alexandria (and later to Quesnel) and on by pack train to the Okanagan from which point they reached the coast by easy stages.

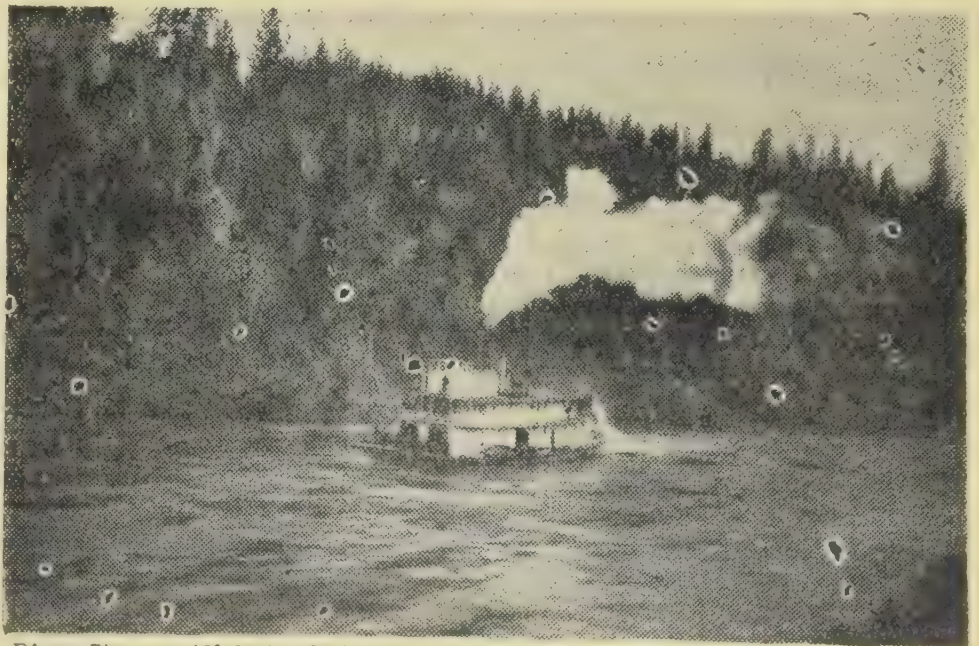
The only remaining visible evidence

of this once busy port are the ruins of the Police Barracks and even that necessitates a search in the jungle of brush and trees which has obliterated all trace of any other buildings, the sole exception being the railway station which, naturally has been kept in good repair.

It is interesting to note that two or three of the river steamers were beached on the bank of the Fraser just below Prince George and hulks of them remained there for many years until an especially high flood swept them away to their last resting place somewhere in the stretch of turbulent waters between Prince George and the coast.

A few days ago I had the good fortune to meet an elderly lady who was born at Edmonton, and who later moved to Tete Jaune Cache just prior to the time it became the headquarters of the construction crews. To my delight, she was able to recall many interesting incidents which occurred during her stay there. Some of these, though somewhat romanticized, appear in Robert Service's book

One little incident, (which seems to have escaped his notice) deserves I am sure, a paragraph or two and concerns  
continued on page 38



River Steamer 'Chilco', which once plied the Fraser to Tete Jaune Cache



## A Bear Story

# There's a MAN On Our Trail

by W. B. W. Woodward



'And what, Mummy,' enquired the bear-cub, 'shall I do if I meet a man on the trail?'

'You just be careful, Clarence, and stick right close to me. When You're a great big bear, like Daddy, you can go where you like, but you are only young yet and don't understand. We respectable bears have to watch our reputations, you know,' replied Mummy.

'You know, son,' elaborated Daddy, 'men are a little different from the other animals in the woods. It wasn't always quite so bad, but the situation has deteriorated. Once the men were dark and made little noise. They lit only small fires, and killed only the occasional animal, but that was very long ago.'

The old bear heaved a sigh, remembering the days of his youth. This fiery urge of adventure on the part of his offspring must be discouraged ere it involved him in similar disasters. He shifted uneasily from one cushion to another. More rain coming, he decided. That old bullet wound that creased his rump when yet a cub was bothering him again. For some years he had almost forgotten about it, but now it nagged him at the approach of rain — and it was always raining here in the mountains. Fortunate, he reflected, that he was not one of those batchelors. The wife and cub could do nothing to allay his discomfort, but he had the satisfaction of growling at both, and cuffing the cub. He really felt a lot better when he saw their injured expressions, and heard their agitated cries. Yes, he decided, matrimony had its advantages. Far better to growl at his family than at Squirrels, who

merely scolded back again from the safe distance of some tree top.

Rachel, the wife, looked proud and happy. Her husband was a regular old bear, but so well educated, and so experienced. He certainly knew how to bring up his cubs, too. Why just the other day, her daughter-in-law had been telling her about her eldest's latest exploits. The Grandmaster of all local bears had personally congratulated him. Not only had he brought home the gamewarden's trousers, but a piece of the former owner was still inside them. What a joy to be the wife or mother of such fine upstanding bears!

Her first husband had been alright too, until he was caught in that trap. Anyway, it was a great comfort to learn that his head was a prized exhibit in a Park Avenue mansion, and not just in some woodsman's shack. Her family had really done very well for themselves. Many an aristocratic heel had trodden on Algy's coat since it came to grace an Irish castle, and Tommy had recently eaten a millionaire. True, the doctor diagnosed his subsequent maladies as second-hand

alcoholic poisoning, but you must pay for the good things in this world. He was a nice boy, but needed a lesson. She had always said his gluttony would bring him trouble, some day. All her family were allergic to excessive fat, anyway, and these millionaires had such habits as no respectable bear like herself would countenance.

'Yes,' continued Daddy, 'those were the days when every animal knew his place. There were no guns in the woods. No gangs came and chopped down the trees, and no bulldozers snorted and chuffed as they piled earth and stumps into our dens. A bear's worst enemy was an occasional skunk, or maybe the odd fretful porcupine. No log-jams stopped the salmon coming up the rivers, and small game had only us and a few other large animals to fear. No large hunting parties lowed through the woods seeking animals they had no intention of devouring, and few fires came to destroy the berry-bushes. In those days, if you met a man on the trail you just kept going. Nowadays, the part of valor suggests the same course — but wisdom decrees finding another

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trail.'

'Now my son,' he concluded, emphasizing his words with taps on the man-skin at his feet, 'you just mark my words. If the man is packing a gun, simply keep out of sight. On no account, either, accept candy, offered to the accompaniment of honied words, from any man. You're much too young to understand why, and must accept the advice of your elders. We have been around and we know.'

The little bear rolled happily on the nice soft skin. 'How come, Mother, that it has such a funny stink?' he asked.

'Now Clarence, you must not use those dreadful words you pick up from your father! Just say 'smell,'" counselled the mother. 'That smell,' she illucidated, 'is a mixture of whisky and tobacco. You're much too young to understand what whisky is, but your uncle Alexis knows all about it. He once lapped up a mug some hunters had left in a cabin, and so disgraced himself that now he lives in the Yukon. He started behaving just like a human — beating up the cubs, and snarling at his wife. We couldn't do a thing with him. All the neighbours just cut him dead. Such ill-bred behaviour, you know, standing on his hind legs and roaring like a logger! His poor wife left him, and nobody would have anything to do with him. We couldn't face the further disgrace of his moving into the human village over the mountain, so we arranged for his journey to the Yukon. They say he's doing quite well there, too, and picks up a good living robbing loggers' lunch pails.'

'Indeed, Clarence,' elaborated Daddy 'there is a history attached to that rug. It once covered a noted politician, and has served our family faithfully for many years. Such a thick skin — and so durable! It simply will not wear out. They say the original owner had quite a career ahead of him if only he had not blundered into your grandfather's den. His contempt for others' rights and privacy proved his undoing, but he almost involved your grandfather in his downfall.'

## Barkerville Hillbillies

Back in the early days of the Barkerville gold rush there happened to be a prohibition minister who went to that wild and woolly country to save the souls of the wicked (and rich) miners, and to teach them about the terrible results that follow in the wake of imbibing even a small amount of alcohol — even good brands.

On nearing Barkerville, he heard of an old miner, George Brown by name, who lived there and who had reached the venerable old age of 93 without ever having tasted liquor; neither had he ever smoked or chewed the filthy weed.

The champion of temperance thought that if he had an interview with Mr. Brown, he might be able to persuade him to take the stand at various meetings and thereby set a powerful example for the wayward miners — as a living proof of how abstinence adds years to the mortal span of life.

On his arrival in Barkerville he had no trouble in locating Mr. Brown, as the old-timer was well known by all. The minister wasted no time in looking him up — for Barkerville was wild and hectic — more so than even the colourful stories he had heard had led him to believe possible. Upon

calling, he was shown into a rough combination dining and living room. Mr. Brown, it appeared, was a hill-billy who had forsaken his native Kentucky hills — lured by the golden hills.

The good man let his mission be known, and asked if it were true that Mr. Brown was 93 years old and had never tasted an alcoholic drink or tobacco in his life. Mr. Brown said that it was true, and volunteered to take the stand and relate his life history in order that the miners and the motley crew of hangers-on might be saved from their evil ways. At this point in the conversation a terrible commotion started in the next room, which was apparently a kitchen, for pots and pans could be heard being banged around, against the walls and on the floor, as though being thrown violently. . . . but Mr. Brown did not seem unduly disturbed.

'What on earth can that be?' asked the minister in consternation.

'Oh, that,' replied Mr. Brown complacently. 'That's my father and grandfather, drunk and fighting again — they never did get along!'

by E. R. BOBB.

'Look at the size of that mouth, and all those gold plated teeth — frightening — what?' observed Daddy. 'Any way as I was saying, it was getting near Spring, and your grandfather, like any of us bears, was hungry. He could not restrain himself from taking a few bites out of this politician.'

'The results were most disastrous. From being a quiet, introvertive, but well integrated personality, your grandfather became a menace to all bearbom. He was always spouting about constitutional rights and free-

enterprise. You might have thought we were just like humans — always trying to impose on one another, and establishing governments so we could pay some bear to protect us from ourselves. Anyway, what other kind of enterprise did we pursue? Lesser animals may need protection, but we protect ourselves.'

'Fortunately, the other bears dealt with him as his conduct justified. Unlike his victim, he could not persuade his fellows to keep him in verbose  
continued on page 91



# B. C's. HISTORIC WATERWAYS

by J. D. Smedley

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*Describing a 260 mile trip in an eight foot open plywood boat — the author, who is 65 years old runs the various rapids and thinks its fun.*

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After spending the summer on Stuart Lake, the time had come for me to return home. I had heard of the rapids and canyons on the Stuart, Nechako and Fraser rivers, and the opportunity was on hand to go over the route taken by the early explorers Simon Fraser and Alexander McKenzie in 1806 and 1807. Their journeys were taken in the spring or early summer, when the lakes and rivers were at the flood stage, covering the numerous rocks and allowing boats of considerable size to pass with little difficulty. But in late September of this year water was low, and there were places where such boats could not pass without being portaged or lined down.

The little plywood dingy with which I was going to make the trip was only eight feet long, but it had proved a good sea-boat on the rough waters of Stuart Lake, and I thought I could make the trip in it if the weight was limited enough so that her buoyancy were not affected. To lighten the load I left behind the tent, blankets, rifle and even my flashlight for which I was sorry later on. My intention was to go as far as Soda Creek on the Fraser River, but I only got as

far as Quesnel, a distance of about 260 miles along the rivers.

On the night of September 21st I slept out in the open to test my sleeping bag (minus blanket) but toward morning had to get up and put on all my clothes it was so cold.

Everything now being ready I left Fort St. James at 11 AM on Sunday the 22nd and entered the Stuart River



*Drying meat at camp — Stuart River*

Two miles down I stopped to examine the first rapid, and chose my course before entering the swift water.

During the whole trip I always tilted up the (1 H.P.) motor and rowed the boat, facing forward when running through swift or shallow water. My load was placed in the middle of the boat so that the ends would lift quickly in a short sea. A 6 by 7 fly was lashed securely over my provisions etc. so as to prevent them from being washed out of the boat in case of an accident.

There was a cold wind blowing from the south and when it started to rain I made a hasty meal under some trees on my gasoline stove before proceeding any further. At 4 o'clock I



*The Chief and his family, Stuart River*

stopped at an Indian hunting camp, and was offered shelter in a large storage tent in front of which a good fire of heavy logs was burning. Overhead was a rack made of poles where moose and bear meat was drying for winter food.

The fire threw a welcome heat into the tent and I soon dried my clothes. It was nice just to sit and relax as there was nothing much to do. The tent contained cartons of dried meat, prepared moose, deer and bear skins, and was also the living quarters of two young Indian hunters. There was also a log cabin, occupied by the chief, (a man well over 80) and his daughter and another tent for the women and children. This cabin was equipped with a radio and had a camp stove just outside the front door on which they did the cooking for the chief and for themselves. The hunters prepared their own meals.

I went over to call on the chief and was asked inside the cabin which was very clean. The furniture consisted of two bunks, a heater and two sections of log which served as stools. I left to make supper when the hunters came in with some geese about five o'clock. Later I was invited over to the women's tent to hear the radio. The whole family were apparently enjoying a program of jokes judging by the laughter I heard; and altogether they seemed to be a very happy and carefree lot. In this respect they certainly have it over the whites.

I asked one of the hunters about the rapids below camp and on to Prince George which he described to me in detail, ending up saying. 'You are one dam fool to go in that little



*J.D.S. and boat at Stuart River camp.*



boat. Nobody wants to die before he has to.' I did not pay much attention, but when I got to Mud River rapids I well remembered what he had said about me being a dam fool — and after passing through the Fort George canyon, I began to suspect that the Indian was right.

Was I a Mason, he wanted to know. I replied with an affirmative nod. We chatted about religion, the atomic bomb and his family life. Regarding my trip he thought I could make it if I stopped to 'read the water' before entering a canyon or rapid. And he also gave me general advice to keep to the left bank of the rivers going down. He had a natural dignity enhanced by age and experience which commanded my respect. I promised to send him a postcard when I got to Prince George. Next morning the family cleaned up the camp and loaded the meat and hides into two large lake boats with outboard motors and headed for their home at Fort St James. I started down the river at 10 A.M. There are no ranches or inhabited places for miles along the shore, and for most of the way after setting out there was rough water and small rapids.

At ten o'clock the chief came over and we talked for about an hour. He had seen me at the Catholic Church at Fort St. James and he asked if I was a Catholic, to which I replied No.

Toward evening I passed under the old Stuart River bridge on the road to Vanderhoof. There are some farms

along the river for a few miles and the water is smooth. This village, strange to say, has no name. And the address has to read Stuart River via Vanderhoof, B.C. I stopped at a farm which has a store and post office, to get gas and oil. The people were hospitable, and asked me to supper. The fried bear steak was very good. A young returned soldier gave me a bed in his house for the night. There was ice and heavy fog the next morning which delayed my start. The river was now swifter and narrower with rapids every little while, and I went over some small falls which I could not avoid. Ducks and geese were plentiful.

The last rapid on the Stuart River, just below the junction with the Nechaco was the most difficult for my little boat. The river was wide, shallow and swift, with a series of falls like a staircase. And I could not find a clear channel on the left bank. Running this rapid, my sensation was that of driving a car through heavy traffic and no rules of the road. I just had to dodge every obstruction, and act quickly. The going was bumpy, when I scraped over the rocks.

Arrived at the junction of the Stuart and Nechaco at 3 p.m. and saw signs of civilization in the form of telegraph poles across the river. From here down to the head of Canyon Rapid, the Nechaco is dead water, (as the Indian said,) for about fifteen miles, and very pretty.

At 5 p.m. there was a roar of



*Nechako River*

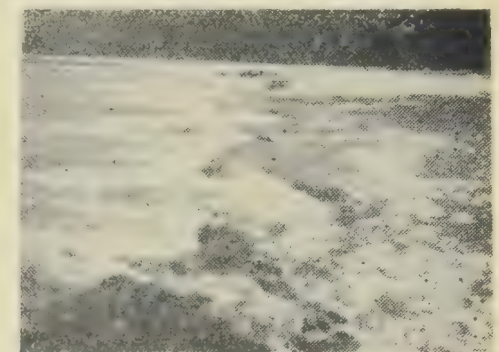
swirl water ahead, and I put the boat ashore to investigate. It was getting late and cold so I made camp amongst some rocks, and noticed large trout rising in the eddies.



*My boat at junction of Stuart and Nechaco River*

Made up the fire from time to time during the night to keep warm. A few coyotes were howling around but I was not otherwise disturbed.

As usual there was ice and fog the



*Mud River rapids*

next morning. I climbed a rock to get a view of the rapid before proceeding, and went through the canyon without incident. Passed a ferry at 9 o'clock. The men on board were as

*continued on page 40*

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# CHINK'S CAVE

by Bob Barlow

- As related to the author by an Old-timer -

Harry Bailie swung downstream along a deer trail on the high banks of a river that emptied into the Fraser not far east of Prince George. Darkness had fallen and the going wasn't any too good. Not that Harry minded very much - always out in the timber, prospecting the great rivers of B. C., trapping its fur bearing animals, had become life to Harry and had hardened him to where he took everything which the outdoors had to offer in his stride. Gold, mostly, is what kept luring him on; of which Harry valued the getting more than the worth - an unusual evaluation of so precious a metal.

Far ahead a pinpoint of yellow light showed up on the river bank, and Harry decided to drop down and perhaps stay the night. Everyone in the country knew Harry for the good square shooter that he was. Soon he was knocking on the rip-sawn door of a rough log shack, and called out his name as he did so.

'Come Tillicum,' replied a guttural voice from inside. Harry entered. It was a one room affair, rough hewn, dense with smoke and littered with the odds and ends of a trappers trade. Smells of logs and pelts mingled, and a floating wick in moose tallow provided the light. Harry did not blink when struck by its feeble glow.

Formalities over, Harry and George Tom, an Indian of some sixty years, talked of the fall and the coming winter. A girl of fourteen or sixteen were the only ones who lived in the shack. While her father trapped in the winter, the girl made the rounds with him to the various cab-

ins cooking for him, and doing the stringing work on the pelts.

The girl went out to the meat safe which was on the north side of the shack and returned with two thick venison steaks. She dropped them with a familiar twist of the wrist onto the smoking griddle. Strangely, Harry began to hear less and less of what old George was saying, for he was acutely aware of the girl's sharp eyes peering at him through the appetizing vapours.

'I was truly uneasy,' he said, speaking of it later. 'Always, on previous visits, I had seen her as a little over-worked Indian girl. But that night her eyes were those of a haunted woman. I was thankful for the eventual 'Goodnights' and the added darkness of my grey blanket over my head. Foolish as it seems, I did more wondering than slumbering over her ominous scrutiny.'

The following morning, old George coaxed Harry to stay with them another day. Undoubtedly, he was delighted in his stony way, for Harry's receptive ears. Not everyone would

show the kindred interest in the old man's tales of frugal fortunes as did Harry. But Harry recognized a good deal in the heart of the Indian as being part of himself. It was no task to be attentive.

"I am going to water the two horses and put them out to new grass," remarked George Tom. 'You take it easy today.' Happiness like that of a child for a very close friend showed through his native stoicism.

A few minutes after his departure the girl walked quickly up to Harry who was sitting on a stump, smoking. She said suddenly as if there were not much time to lose, 'I watch you last night. You good man. Come!'

Surprised at her pointedness, Harry followed her some distance before he quite realized that he was about to learn something. At about the same moment the girl stooped beneath a large fir tree, and kneeling, began scratching in toward the tap-root. She drew out a baking powder can and held it out to him.

Harry took it with a jerk of expectancy, twisted off the lid and peered at the contents, and then from the can to the girl.

'Slugs!' exclaimed Harry.

'Slugs?' asked the girl, as if finding the word disappointing. 'What is that?'

'Gold,' replied Harry.

'Ver' good,' she returned, taking the can and placing it back in the hiding

*continued on page 61*

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# Prince George

## *The City With a Future*

by A. H. TOWNSEND

Prince George, the northern B.C. City of the Future, lying at the confluence of the Fraser and Nechako Rivers, is beginning to realize the fulfillment of its dreams. For twenty-five or thirty years this central B.C. city (geographically speaking) has been a dead end, situated where the Cariboo Road ends, on the C.N.R., Jasper, Alberta, to Prince Rupert railroad line.

Today, however, this city is developing tremendously. While I pen this copy I can hear sound of hammers on all sides, as buildings rear their stately heads toward the sky. A cold storage plant, two bank buildings, modern garages and show rooms for the latest de luxe models for northern B.C. car owners, a government library, private homes, and other buildings too numerous to mention are planned and being constructed today, or will be in the near future. The city is a beehive of activity.

About thirty miles north of Prince George beautiful Summit Lake lies beneath northern skies. The Prince George-Peace River Highway skirts portions of this lake, as it progresses northward as fast as road-building machinery can travel through virgin forest. This highway will be a link between Prince George and Dawson Creek, of the famed Peace River District. Eventually, two railroads and two highways will converge on Prince George. Prince George will become the "Edmonton" of British Columbia.

The Jasper, Alberta, to Prince



*Prince George — in 1914*



*As it appears 80 years later — population approximately 5000*

Rupert railroad line practically divides B.C. in half. The northern portion consists of undeveloped resources, along with much of the southern portion, too. Tremendous possibilities, beyond the average person's dreams, lie in northern B.C. These possibilities do not, however, lie within the grasp of individual laymen like you and me. This country needs developing and preparing for the advance of civilization, and the Prince George-Peace River Highway will be another step toward the development of Northern B.C., and Prince George will benefit tremendously.

The hectic up-and-down career of this city is widely known to the residents of B.C., but none more so than to the men who followed the railroad into Prince George, waiting patiently for the fulfillment of their dreams. Many have died waiting; others have moved out to greener fields. But, at last, at long last, Prince George is coming into her own. And CKPG, Prince George's latest addition of extreme importance, operated by Mr. Cecil Elphicke, is helping to pave the way to development, prosperity, and fulfillment of all dreams.



# Indian Wars of Cariboo

by Father Francois Marie Thomas

St. Joseph's Mission, Williams Lake, B.C.

In 1765 the Chilcoten Indians, under the chief, "Khalhpan," avenging old wrongs, nearly annihilated the inhabitants of the village of Chinlac, near Stone Creek. Among the dead were the chief's two wives and nearly all his countrymen, while hanging suspended from transverse poles resting on stout forked poles planted in the ground were the bodies of the children, ripped in exactly the same way as it was customary of them to hang salmon up to dry in the sun—two rows of them.

Khadentel, the Chinlac chief was away at the time. He prepared the vengeance slowly and surely, gathering around him the survivors of his tribe and all the friends of the tribe he could enlist. On the third year after the massacre he set out for the valley of Alex Creek and what is now known as Anahim. Indian fashion, he attacked by surprise and killed nearly all the men of the Chilcoten tribe. Among the captives he drove back was the daughter of Khalhpan, who became the slave of Khadentel.

Sixty years later, a party of Stone Creek Indians reached the Chilcoten Canyon, 10 in all, eight men and two women. The Chilcoten spies, remembering the massacre and abduction of the chief's daughter, informed their chief, who immediately dispatched all his braves to do away with the trespassers in his territory and wreak vengeance for the old wrong. The Stone Creek Indians were camped on the bluffs overlooking the Chilcoten River. As usual, the attack was by night and by surprise. The attack was successful, from the Chilcotens' point of view, and the dead and dying were tossed scream-

ing from the top of the bluffs.

Well known is the history of the fights between the Indians and the whites called the Waddington Trail Murders, or Anahim Lake Fish-Trap Battle. A party of road men were in the district, bent on making a road between Bute Inlet, Hromalko, the Chilcoten, and the mines in Cariboo. Before this party arrived on the scene, there had been others surveying that part of the country who in some way or other had offended the Indians. . . . Taken by surprise, 18 white men were killed. Some of them made a stand at Fish Trap—made rectangular trenches about twelve miles from Anahim Lake. There they remained and fought back for two days. Had they only known it, another half-day of fighting back and they would have been saved (it was later disclosed), for the Indians had not brought any food and had been about to give up the battle through sheer hunger when the besieged group (who, of course, did not know this) gave themselves up to the mercy of the attackers, who quickly killed them in cold blood, and left the remains to the coyotes while they sped off in search of food.

This happened in the fall of '63, when the Cariboo Gold Rush was at its height, and a scant year after the smallpox epidemic which wiped out nearly a third of all the Cariboo Indians. The Chilcoten Indians were visited twice by the scourge; the first epidemic being directly traceable to visiting Bella Coola Indians infected with the disease; the second to two unscrupulous white men. These men, Angus McLeod and a certain "Taylor," decided that there was as much money

to be made in robbing Indian graves as in more honorable pursuits. Stealthily they made the rounds of the Indian settlements, robbing graves, and in particular gathering all the blankets of the dead Indians which had been discarded by their relatives because of the highly infectious nature of such bedding. This bedding and what other belongings they managed to pick up, they took on to another village and sold to unsuspecting natives, who promptly took sick. In a short time the activities of these two caused another epidemic, which wiped out another one-third of the Cariboo Indian population, altogether well over a thousand dead.

Getting back to the Waddington Trail murders, for nearly a month 200 men, under Judge Cox, a rather eccentric individual, tried to apprehend the guilty Indians, but to no avail. It was a wild and little known country and they could get no information from the Indians. Gradually, however, the Chilcoten Indians unbent a little and came around to Cox's camp to do a little trading for trinkets, knives, and whatever caught their fancy. One day it was whispered by an Indian that some of the suspected Indians had come to the camp of Alexis, one of the native chiefs. Among Cox's search party were a few trusty Indians who had worked for the government often, one of whom he immediately dispatched to the camp in question to try to induce them to surrender, pledging his word of honor that, as they had acted under provocation and in ignorance of white man's laws, their lives would be spared and promising that they might even receive



presents—a very dangerous promise! A promise which gave the white man the reputation of not keeping his word, and to the Indians a very good reason for not helping the police, even for money—"blood money."

In this case Cox had no authority to make such a promise—18 men had been killed in cold blood. Upon the strength of Cox's promises the Indian messenger returned after a time with eight men and their families—each of whom confessed to taking part in the massacre. To the surprise of these Indians they were immediately surrounded by armed men, and instead of receiving presents they were informed that they were prisoners and were ordered to lay down their arms. All complied except one, "Tellat" by name, who became angry at this display of the white man's code. Grasping his musket by the muzzle, he smashed it to bits against a tree, drew his knife and dashed it angrily on the ground at his feet, and then stoically folded his arms across his chest and invited them to shoot, remarking with scornful countenance, "King George's men great liars."

The eight men were immediately taken to Quesnel. Before they left Chief Alexis gave a feast, the "deadman's supper." In Quesnel two were held as witnesses, and one as interpreter. Four were condemned to be hung, and one was sentenced to life imprisonment at Westminster Penitentiary. It was Christmas when the penitentiary-bound prisoner and the officers taking him down arrived at Clinton. The officers stopped to do a little celebrating and the prisoner ran away and was helped to get back to his home territory by some white men who thought little of Judge Cox's unethical trickery, and also by some Chinamen. Not all the Indians convicted were as brave as the one who invited the soldiers to shoot him upon first being captured. I heard from a witness in Quesnel, Mrs. Lyette Allard Boucher, that one of the prisoners was quite shaky, another at the foot of the scaffold awaiting his turn, called up to the one who was having his rope necktie fitted, "Cheer up, be brave. You were not so scare when you help killing white men."

Most of the party of murdering Indians, however, were not caught.

There were at least twenty in the party. It would seem, from the paper, "Columbian," of those days that Cox acted in good faith when he made his promise to the Chilcotens but that his promises were disregarded by the colonial government.

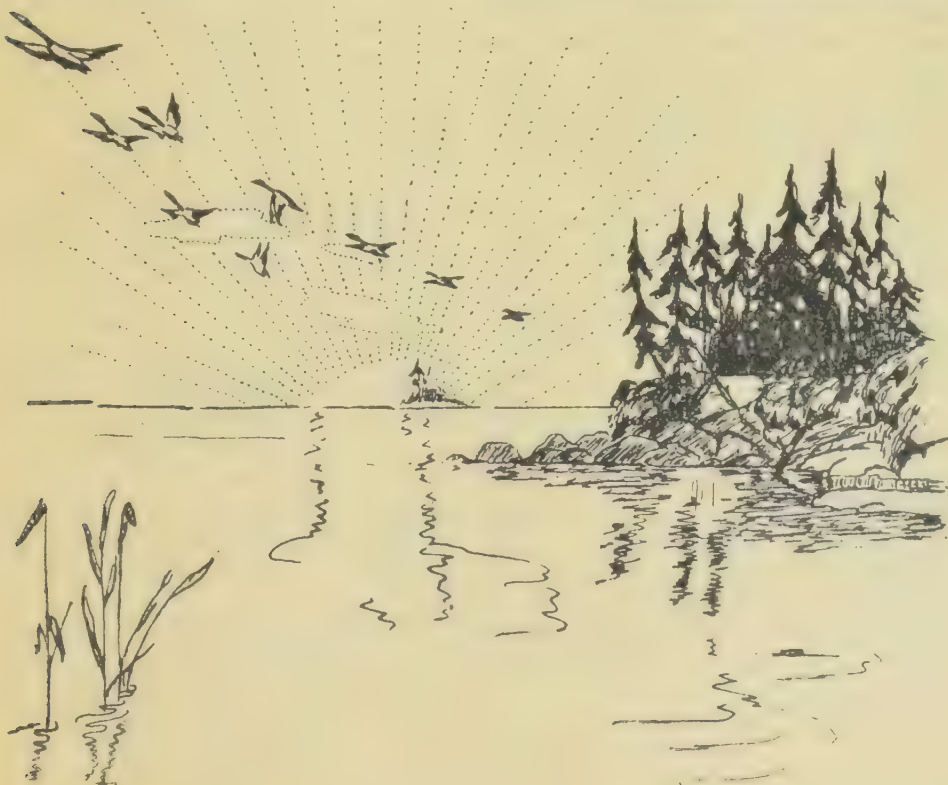
The Waddington road, which in preparatory survey and actual work had up to then cost \$60,000, had to be abandoned. I have heard that the punitive expedition under Judge Cox had cost well over \$100,000.

Since 1897, time of my first missionary work amongst the Chilcote tribe of Indians, quite a few old wrinkled Indian men (whom I suspect had a hand in the above murders) came to me publicly and said simply, "Priest, I have killed white man,—shake hand. I will kill no more."

To the Indian wars again. In about 1830 there was the battle of the Nazko (River of Strangers), when a party of Soda Creek and Alexandria Indians came to the camp during the night, hid in hollow trees throughout the following day, during which time they observed closely the combined strength of their foe and the layout of the camp, after which it was easy to sneak up unawares and kill them all in their sleep and with the spoils divided amongst them return victorious to the homes along the "great river!"

In 1826, about 100 Chilcotens came to attack the Alexandria Indians. They came from Bonzing Lake, Takla Lake and Eagle Lake. Warned of the impending attack by a friendly Shuswap Indian, who had observed the approaching braves, the Alexandria Indians prepared to defend themselves by building palisades; and with powder supplied by the Hudson's Bay Company, the women worked at feverish speed making cartridges. The battle was soon on and the hundred Chilcotens, under the Chief "Hatalia," fought furiously. Their chief distinguished himself by trying again

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# ANNUAL ADVENTURE

by **H. B. BINNEY**

*Ass't. Ranger, B.C. Forest Service Pouce Coupe, B. C.*

This year and the year before last it was a bear: in 1945 it was a moose. Recently, and probably due to my occupation, I seem to have been fated to arrive at closer quarters with individuals of B.C.'s larger fauna than (a) I would have thought possible and (b) I would ever deem comfortable. There are those who expend vast sums in cash and energy in what prove to be vain attempts to make close contact with both bears and moose; I, without design or desire, come close enough to count their whiskers. This, surely, must be another "way of the world"!

In midsummer of 1944 I was foreman of a night crew working on a forest fire close to the Stuart River and south of Fort St. James. As I remember, it was somewhere in the vicinity of Margaret Lake. Within a few days of our arrival a large male black bear appeared on the scene, evidently a self-appointed observer of our operations. The possibility of a satisfactory repast or two from the camp may also have occurred to him.

He seemed to be amiable enough. It was reported also that he was anxious to learn; anxious even to the point that he was noticed peering over the Ranger's shoulder

while the latter was sitting on the edge of the guard making notes in a "242."

It was a day or two after this unusual exhibition of ambition that I encountered the black gentleman. The light had almost failed and I was going from one spot fire to another in the course of my patrol. Midway on my journey there was a big windfall and I stepped over it spang on top of the four-legged forestry undergraduate.

No one will ever know for certain which of us was the most surprised, though I could hazard a very good guess as to who was the most alarmed. I hastily withdrew my foot across the windfall and the sleeper awoke with a prodigious grunt and scrambled to his feet. Apparently, he had not reckoned on night classes. We stood and regarded each other for what seemed like a life sentence, our respective noses about fourteen inches apart. I wanted to run; to run faster than anyone had ever run before; but, somehow, my feet refused to co-operate. I am uncertain how the bear regarded the situation, but his bodily control came into effect long before mine. He dropped onto all fours and bounced off into the shadowy bush; his furry stern end



the most welcome sight that was ever beheld by human eyes.

For the next twelve months respectful distances were maintained between all members of the B.C. fauna and myself. Then it happened again. The locality was the "Beaver Dam," about fourteen miles from Vanderhoof on the road to Fort St. James and points north. The time was shortly after midnight and I was driving a half-ton truck from Vanderhoof with the avowed intention of taking supplies to a fire party thirty miles north of Fort St. James. Fortunately, the supplies concerned were not vital. They arrived late.

The road assumes the shape of a corkscrew at the "Beaver Dam," with a high bank on the east side and a muskeg on the west. On one of the torturous turns the truck lights picked up a calf moose walking up the middle of the road. I stopped, but the calf shifted rapidly into high, bowled down the road for fifty yards or so, and then vanished up the bank. That I thought, is that; he has gone back to Mama and all will be tranquility.

But this, apparently, was not the case. I had started off and attained all of twenty miles an hour when Mama hurtled down the bank. I

*continued on page 83*

## HART HOTEL

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**Government Headquarters for Peace River Block**



# On Citizenship . . .

By Peg Deeder.

Recently it was suggested that discussions on current events be held on regular meeting nights of a certain farm organization. It was voted down by a majority, who decided they would rather play cards. Fortunately, this sort of feeling is not prevalent in all parts of Canada, because the voice of the people is making itself heard; but how much more powerful could that voice become if all of us accepted our full responsibility of citizenship.

During the war, when we fought for survival, we talked about the fine things to come when victory was won. We were to have better housing, full employment, social security. Our veterans were promised a square deal. The unity of the powers who defeated Fascism would be so strong as to prevent the desolation and heartbreak of another war. This was the second great war to end war.

Now, in the second year of peace, the emergency is still with us. We are no closer to a final settlement of our problems than we were at the height of battle. We even have

added problems to solve, and time is a-wasting. We who gave our sons and our money and our strength for the ideals of Democracy have failed to make Democracy work. Is it with bitterness and a sense of failure that we must face the future, or is there something we can do about it?

Every citizen can do something about it. We can find out what is happening in our country and in the world. Armed with information, we can make up our minds. We can make our voices heard. We can meet with groups of friends and neighbors, people from the same church, the same organization, or, better still, with people from the other church, the other organization, the other town. Together we can find the facts, discuss the issues, and then report our opinions to our congressmen. We can get things done in our own communities, in our towns, in our country. We can make Canada heard all over the world.

Here are some of the important questions which should be dis-

cussed:

Will there be more bombs or won't there?

Does Canada need more people? Should we open our doors to refugees?

Do the people of Canada sanction bi-lateral trade agreements? To what may they lead?

Do we need a Canadian Bill of Rights? What should go into it?

Can we build houses better, faster, cheaper? What is the truth about the housing situation?

What prevents us finding a basis for a workable understanding with the Soviet Union?

Can the Big Four come to terms on what to do with Germany?

Are we in full accord with the Anglo-American foreign policy in the Far East?

These are but a few of the vital topics of the day upon which every Canadian citizen has a right and a duty to form an opinion, and make it heard. If he fails to do so, he is failing in citizenship.

Blind intolerance and ignorance among the little peoples of the world allowed a handful of warmongers to lead us into two devastating world wars. We are being pulled toward the brink of a third war which may, in truth, be the "war to end wars" in that it could mean world annihilation. We can stop it only when we individually and collectively accept the full responsibility of world citizenship.



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# Fraser River

## GOLD

### Is where you find it



*Bar mining on the Fraser River in mid-December.*

For nigh on a century now the Fraser River has been the meal ticket of thousands of prospectors. From Hope, B.C., on the south, to Prince George and Tete Juane Cache, on the north, its hundreds of miles of bars and gravel benches have been churned over and over and each foot has been made to yield its quota of precious gold particles. In the early days immediately preceding and following the Barkerville gold rush the harvest was a rich one, for the ground was virgin. A hundred dollars a day was considered "good ground," but not exceptional, while any ground which yielded less than an ounce of gold per day, at the old price of \$17.00 per ounce, was considered too poor to work—for prices were high and an ounce a day barely bought the necessities to keep body and soul together.

Thousands of miners dotted the bars in those days, but many more thousands by-passed the sure-fire moderate returns which the Fraser had to offer and sought their fortunes in the extremely rich diggings around Williams, Lightning, Cunningham and Antler Creeks, where as much as a thousand dollars a "pan" (two shovels full) was being reported. A few made their fortunes, but for everyone who did hundreds returned to the bosom of "Mother" Fraser and the "pickings," which albeit slimmer, were ever so sure, for the great old river never failed the prospector entirely.

As the years rolled by and the Barkerville rush became history, the good old Fraser continued to yield its harvest, although as time went on ounce-a-day ground was no longer sneered upon—in fact, it was very seldom found. Through lean years and fat the river proved to be the never-failing meal ticket of hundreds of hard-up miners and

prospectors.

During the depression of the thirties thousands of people dotted its banks and bars, some with no more than a shovel and gold pan with which to wrest their livelihood from the gravels, others with long-toms and bailing bucket (the usual paraphernalia), while the more fortunate had a bar pump and engine, which allowed them to shovel steadily into the small portable sluice boxes and garner as much as four or six dollars a day. Occasionally reports would come in of some lucky fellow finding a little corner that had been missed by the oldtimers for years, and in which the gold supply had been replenished by the ever-moving river. In such cases the lucky discoverers of the spot reaped as much as \$100 per day for a limited time.

During the entire history of Fraser River mining one thing has stood out above all others. It is a fact which stood out in the old

days of hundred-dollar-a-day ground as well as today, when five or six dollars a day is considered exceptionally good ground—and that is that the "best" ground was always **just beyond reach**. No matter how low the water in the spring or fall, the best paying gravels **always** seemed to be **just beyond**—under the swift-flowing waters of the river. Countless thousands have worked the bars down through the years, shod in hip rubber boots, standing knee-deep in the cold water day in and day out, hoping and praying that the river would "go down" another foot so that they could get at the still richer gravels just beyond. . . . During the summer, when the waters were at flood stage, the gold-seekers were driven almost up onto the banks, where the gold was almost flour fine and the pickings slim indeed. As the waters receded in the fall, they followed the gradually lowering water—always reaching out, ever further and downward, for gold is heavy and with water action seeks out the low spots.

Visualize, if you can, the lonely toil-worn bar miner as he regards his meagre "take" for the day of three or four dollars. As he carefully wraps up the tiny blob of amalgam (gold and quicksilver) in a square of chamois, he straightens up and looks down the length and breadth of the bar. In the distance are one or two others, bent over their equipment, making their



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clean-ups. He wonders how they "made out," but knows instinctively that their take was much the same as his own, for during the past hundred years every square foot of the bar has been churned over and over. Thousands of feet have trod this very bar in the course of the past century, and with the passing of each miner the "take" had become less and less, until all that remained was the little brought down and deposited with each high water. From high water mark to low water mark the bar is scarred and ridged with ancient "tailing" piles, and he is hard put to find a spot which has not been worked for some time wherein there is a five or ten-year deposit and ten or fifteen dollars a day to be garnered for a short time.

Invariably his eyes swing down to the river and as he ponders it speculatively he recalls the tales of one hundred dollars a day, at the old \$17 per ounce price, which had been taken off these very bars years ago. "Those were the days," he thinks. "Why at present-day prices the daily take that the oldtimers harvested with their ancient "rockers," capable of handling but one cubic yard a day, would amount to better than \$200 per day."

He dreams fanciful dreams of working "ground" as rich as the oldtimers had with his own little modern unit capable of handling eight yards of gravel per day. A little calculation tells him that his take would be in the neighborhood of \$1,600 per day. . . . He knows, however, that every inch of such ground the length and breadth of the river had been worked long ago, that such "ground" is nowhere to be found . . . except under the bosom of the Fraser. . . . He reasons that whereas all the gravels exposed by the mighty river between the high and low water marks have been made to yield up their golden content—the gravels lying just below low water level must be richer than anything that even the oldtimers had worked, while out in midstream the river must be liter-

ally paved with gold.

He dreams of suction pumps and scows, of having enough money to build a small one-man dredge, of rigging lines across the river and huge buckets with which to scoop up the rich gravels which he reasons must be there; he prays for an exceptionally dry fall, when the river will recede a foot or two beyond the lowest low that it had ever reached in the past hundred years. His fancy knows no bounds as he plods his weary way home, and the next morning his first glance is for the river. Did it raise or lower during the night. . . even an inch lower would add to his "take." All during the day his glance is drawn to the cold, impersonal river. His eyes try to probe its depths as though to single out the riches that lie "out there," just beyond his reach, riches which would make the oldtimer's harvest look like slim pickings . . . but the river is cold and implacable . . . and the water is at its lowest ebb for the year.

Back in 1938, a young man, Leonard Knutsen (an out-of-work diesel engineer, forced to turn to the bars of the mighty Fraser in order to eke out a "living because of the nation-wide dearth of jobs), paused in his back-breaking work of heaving the heavy gravel into his sluice box and eyed the river

speculatively. He had absorbed enough river lore to know what lay "out there," just beyond his reach, and he had the germ of an idea. . . . For weeks he worked on the idea, perfecting it on paper. Then one day, when he had solved the final problem, when the plan was finally completed, he disappeared up river, where he established a camp site some twenty miles north of Quesnel at the mouth of the Cottonwood Canon. . . . No longer was the Fraser River going to taunt him . . . no longer was he going to break his back for a mere pittance at the edge of the great river while its grey waters swirled mockingly over untold riches.

He withdrew every cent of his savings from the bank and soon truckloads of lumber, cables, blocks, pulleys, winches, and other paraphernalia were delivered at his camp site on the bank of the river. Up from Vancouver, via the P.G.E., came a huge steel cylinder, built to his specifications. . . . A month or more of hard work and he was ready for the experiment. . . . He was confident that it would work, for it was not a new idea, but merely a new application of an old idea,—for what he had constructed was a barge large enough and "steady" enough to carry the ten-ton 15-foot high steel cylinder, which was nothing less than a

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A close up of how the bar-miner must work in the icy water if he is to get at the rich pay gravel. Here they were taking out 100 dollars per day.



# Lightning Creek 1877 - 1878

by **Emelene Thomas**

as told by Jack Bell.



## Introduction:—

In November, 1945, coast newspapers wrote of the passing of Mrs. Fraser York at her home in the lower Fraser Valley. Her death severed a link with the pioneer days of the Cariboo, for almost seventy years before Mrs. York, then Miss Josephine McDonald, had charge of the tiny school at Stanley, the centre of the mining activities of those days. To that school came the children of the small community, to learn their ABC's and their P's and Q's. Later years found them scattered to various parts of the country, but the school and "Miss McDonald" were remembered as freshly by them as if it was seven years ago instead of seventy.

E. A. T.

My parents lived in a frame house at what was known as Lower Van Winkle. Next to us lived Mrs. Price, "Aunty Price," my brother and I called her. Aunty Price kept hens, selling the eggs at the ridiculously low price of \$3.50 a dozen, instead of the former regular price of \$12.00 per. Mother thought, and said, that Mrs. Price was foolish to charge so little, what with having to keep a fire in the henhouse most of the winter, and feed so expensive too. It could not possibly pay—she must be losing money, but nevertheless the price remained the same.

Between the stage road and the creek Chinamen had their stores, their opium dens, and their dwellings. A few rods further up the road stood the two-story white house of Captain Evans, the man who brought out the Welsh miners to the Cariboo. Most of these men had left, as the claims at Upper Van Winkle had been worked out, but Harry Jones and Johnnie Williams were still there.

Downstream the mines were still running; the Victoria, Vancouver, Chisholm, Costello, Gladstone,

Eleven of England, and others. Mr. Beedy still had his store at Upper Van Winkle, where he lived with his wife and three sons—Asa, Ludy, and Winston, whom we called Winnie.

About a mile from us was the lively town of Stanley. Situated where Chisholm Creek joined Lightning, it was at that time the terminus of Barnard's Express. Another stage, a daily, was run by Bob Graham between Stanley and Barkerville. Agent for Barnard's Express was Alex Lindsay, who was also the telegraph operator. Nearby was an hotel, owned and operated by a Mr. Austin, who married the widow Parker. Opposite Mr. Lindsay's was the schoolhouse, where Miss Josephine McDonald, just seventeen years old, presided over us youngsters. There were eight of us, three Parkers, Katie (Mrs. Jim Orr), Sarah (Mrs. Dan McGillivray), and Willie, Asa and Ludy Beedy, a boy whose last name was Peebles, and my brother Ward and myself. The desks were those double ones, not seen now, and I shared one with Sadie Parker, who was about my age, and as pretty as a little red wagon. Having attended

school steadily in New Westminster. I was a bit farther ahead, and Sadie would appeal for help with our arithmetic, but though I was willing to assist her, I always dickered first for payment.

It was a mile from home to the school, and in winter I pulled my brother on our handsleigh when he got tired. Not a hard job, as the road was level and the snow well-packed. On really stormy days mother did not let us go to school, nor did the Beedy boys, so we would spend a happy day in the store. Trade was not very brisk, an occasional trapper or miner would drop in for supplies; in paying he would reach into his pocket and pull out his buckskin poke and hand it to Mr. Beedy, who would weigh out enough gold on the glass-enclosed scales to pay for the goods, then restore the bag to its owner.

Before he owned the store, in the early sixties, I think, Mr. Beedy ran a pack train from Lillooet. It was he who imported camels from the States, but the venture proved a failure, for the camels' feet could not stand the hard roads, and the horses could not stand the smell of the strange beasts. Mr. Beedy had a big black horse, appropriately named Blackie, that he used for packing extra heavy stuff. My father told me that once Blackie carried a steam-boiler, weighing one thousand pounds, up to the sawmill on Dunbar Flat, on the road to Barkerville. When the horse was tired or out of wind, four posts were propped under the boiler to ease the load so the horse could rest, and so continue on to the mill. From this mill the miners



got timbers and lumber for their sluice-boxes and their houses built on Lightning Creek—all this before the year I was there.

In 1935, while in San Francisco, I looked up Ludy Beedy, then a prominent lawyer of the southern city. It was fifty-seven years since we had met. His brother Winnie lived in Frisco too, and immediately Ludy phoned him. Said he, "The man whose father saved your life when you were two years old is here at the office." (Winnie, Ludy told me, had fallen into the creek, Lightning Creek, and would have drowned had he not fortunately been spied by Harry Jones and my father. Dad had gone in after him and hauled him out.) The third brother, Asa, was also in San Francisco and for days we were boys again as we lived over the Cariboo days.

But to get back to the early days.

Van Volkenberg Bros., Danes, supplied most of the country with meat. Fletcher and McNaughton had a general store in Stanley, Bank of B.C. and barber shop. Shep Young made and repaired boots. The milkman delivered the milk on horseback. How he managed the milk in winter I don't know; it must have been poured into rectangular containers and then taken out when frozen solid, for it arrived in two sacks. He would carry a sack into the kitchen, upset the chunk of frozen milk on the table, and break off the required amount. Sometimes my mother would complain as to the quality (even as to-day).

"Give me a piece off the cream end," she would tell him, "I don't want all skim milk."

Three neighboring miners boarded at our house—Johnnie Williams, Pete Clendenning, and a Mr. Tucker. On Christmas Day they all remembered Ward and myself.

"Here, hold out your hands," they said, and filled them with silver coins. Auntie Price gave us each an egg, and Dad won a turkey at the raffle at Austin's hotel. But best

of all my presents was a mechanical alligator that on being wound up would run in a circle or a straight line, according to how the hind wheel was set. It was over a foot long, painted bright green, and the head and tail wiggled delightfully. I had lots of fun getting behind a visitor's chair and setting my alligator to run between his or her legs. What a nice Christmas that was!

In the late Judge Howay's writings there is a story of the naming of Lightning Creek. Some man (I forget his name) continually used the expression "This is lightning!" This man and my father, on a prospecting trip, had come from Barkerville by way of Old Baldy Mountain, and dad's companion, on viewing the creek for the first time, as usual exclaimed, "This is lightning!" He next asked, "What creek is this, Jim?" and Dad chuckled, "Oh, this is Lightning!" My father told me exactly the same story, with the addition that his partner had stumbled and fallen just before using his favorite expression. In 1877 everyone knew the story of how Jim Bell gave Lightning Creek its name.

Bob Graham, who ran the stage from Barkerville to Stanley, often asked me to take a trip with him,

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but mother would never let me go. However, at last one day, on Bob going to the house to ask mother personally, she consented, saying I might go on Saturday and return Sunday, thus losing no time at school. Saturday arrived, and we set off. I sat beside Bob on the seat. We passed Point Claim shaft-house, opposite Beedy's store, then the road turned and climbed uphill to Dunbar Flat, where we could see the sawmill on the edge of the forest. We skirted Old Baldy  
continued on page 79

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**Prince George, B.C.**



# MULE DEER HUNT in CARIBOO

by CARIBOO KING

George Campbell, of Reid Lake, B.C., and his good wife could tell my readers more factual stories concerning their experiences of hunting, pioneering, homesteading and trapping in the wilds of the B.C. wilderness of the famed Cariboo district than I. They have homesteaded here and built, with tireless effort and praise-worthy skill, a rugged, pioneer home, wresting a livelihood from the virgin forest and land. Trapping furbearers and hunting big game has been Mr. Campbell's occupation in years past. Today, he and his good wife have earned leisure time. Their home has been built; the land has been broken and cultivated; mink have been trapped and raised. They have retired in the wilderness of the North. But there are moose and deer to hunt and wood to cut, and other jobs to do which fill the lives of retired pioneers. They are busy from morning until evening. Their lives are packed full of duties to perform and work to do; and in the evenings they have their radio. And they go to church, they say, each Sunday of the month, by means of Charles E. Fuller's Old-Fashioned Revival Hour.

Mrs. Campbell taught school in the U.S. in the early days, in the state of Maine. But school teaching was too tame for her. Life was rather hum-drum until she met Mr. Campbell. Then her way of living changed considerably. This nervy, lion-hearted wife, pioneer among pioneers, now lives in a pioneer home, having blazed trails across the United States and Canada. She has accomplished exploits which would astound the city-bred and raised male citizen of either land.

She has made tables, chairs and beds for their home in the Cariboo, carving the furniture out of the virgin forest, which she says is child's play in comparison to other accomplishments of hers of the past. She has worked on the land, helped cut wood, cared for a hundred mink, and she has raised a son for the Canadian Navy. Soon, he will be home, and he wrote to his mother that he desires, out of all the ports and territory of the world, to see his home in the Northern B.C. wilderness more than he had ever longed to see the ports, cities and nations of the world. This tribute is fitting to a pioneer mother. And the knowledge that I have a standing invitation to visit their home impromptu and without invitation makes me feel that I am one of them.

Arthur Lundquist is a former citizen of Sweden. He resides near Bridesville, B.C., and visits the Northland when opportunity affords. His uncle lives in the settlement of Mapes, B.C., near Vanderhoof. Sweden, he says, is a land of game birds and animals. But moose are not as plentiful there as they are in the B.C. Northland. Wild turkeys, deer and predators seem to abound in numbers in certain sections of his homeland—predators especially. Game birds are plentiful, which accounts for the greater number of predators that they have in the land of the midnight sun. Naturally, having hunted in Sweden and having roamed near and far in B.C., he had been northward during one or two hunting trips or more, visiting his uncle at Mapes and taking moose meat home for winter use. Deer, bear and moose have gone



*Arthur Lundquist poses with our mule deer just before the return journey home. Photo by the Author*

down before his gun. He is a keen hunter, one who knows the habits of the game which he pursues. During his last trip northward, however, when he visited his uncle at Mapes, he did not have much time to hunt deer and moose. Farm trouble developed, along with car trouble, and he did not obtain more than half an hour of hunting time during his stay at Mapes. He had, however, promised to hunt deer and moose with yours truly upon his return from Mapes, west of our town. One Thursday afternoon his car arrived at our home, wheezing and grinding to a sudden stop outside our door.

"Where are we going to hunt?" he asked, unloading his duffle and guns on our kitchen floor.

"I think," I replied, "we will hunt out toward George Campbell's homestead. The hunting conditions in his district, not to mention other districts, are fairly good this year and we might bag, if we don't drop a moose, a deer.

"I think we will leave this afternoon and stay with them over-



night. Then we will be ready to nail our game in the morning—bright and early. What say?"

"O.K.," he replied. "I'm right with you. Whatever you say goes." And I need not add that we lost very little time in starting our trip. We were soon clanking along the snow-covered highway—dirt and gravel road—thankful that we were the proud possessors of tire chains, though one end of one chain—a cross piece—had worked loose and was clanking on the mud-guard at each turn of the wheel. But the twenty-one miles seemed to speed swiftly by as we regaled each other with factual hunting experiences of by-gone days.

"The hunt that stands out in my varied hunting experiences," began Arthur Lundquist, "took place near my home at Rock Creek, near Bridesville, B.C. I had hunted during the forenoon, without sign of game, and coming to a large windfall, I decided to eat my lunch, as the time was near noon. I had been carrying my rifle, slung across my shoulders, 'easy-pack fashion,' and as I sat down upon the windfall I let the rifle slip over my shoulders and down around my waist. Suddenly, while I was eating my lunch, I heard a twig snap and the largest black bear I've ever seen walked out of a thicket and came toward me, not realizing that I was sitting on the windfall. I was not prepared for his sudden appearance, and I was taken wholly by surprise. But I managed, after a breathless moment or two, to slip my rifle up and over my head and fire. I bagged the bear with one shot. He was a beauty. But I had not walked more than one hundred yards from my kill before

I had another surprise. Coming toward me out of a small, timbered gully, I saw another black bear. I cut loose and bagged my second black, which was the best day's hunt I've had in my life where black bears are concerned." (The B.C. Game Regulations allow three bears per hunter, black or brown, with a year-round open season. Two grizzlies may be also added to this list—that is, if the hunter is fortunate in bagging three blacks or browns and two grizzlies, making an aggregate total of five bears.)

"Look!" I said, pointing to the side of the road, "Moose tracks!" Sure enough, we could see moose tracks in the snow on the side of the road. "Moose are moving these days," I continued. "I was speaking to the Game Inspector in town recently and he said that forty-five moose had been seen near Hansard. We should connect with a moose or a deer. Coming back, however, to your black bear hunt,

you surely did a nice piece of work on bears that day. I hope we do as good a job on moose and deer today."

When we arrived at the Campbell's home, we were given a generous sample of Mrs. Campbell's home-cooked food. Deer meat was on the menu, too. And we did justice to a bountiful helping of home-cooked grub while we exchanged opinions regarding the worth of our respective firearms. We spent a sociable evening and rolled into bed for the night after we had decided upon a plan of action, relative to the morning's hunt. And I may add that our dreams were filled with buck deer and bull moose; at least, mine were. I was standing upon a windfall, teetering back and forth, with my .303 lined on the charging bulk of a giant bull moose. I fired. I missed. He came charging toward me, head down. My rifle jammed. Then he hit me with his antlers, gouging into my left side with force enough to topple a rival bull. I began to sail through the air and awoke with a start before landing in a brush pile to find that I was in bed, and Mr. Lundquist was jabbing an elbow into my ribs and informing me that daylight was on the way. I let out my breath in

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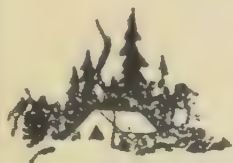
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## Trail to Klondyke

continued from page 10

From Ashcroft to Quesnelle, 220 miles, there is a good wagon road. The country between these points is well timbered, and there are hotels and ranches the entire distance, from one to thirteen miles apart. The charges were \$1.00 for supper, bed and breakfast, and three bits for each horse, which included feeding with grain. In spring and summer there is grazing for the entire distance. In summer the freighters camp out and graze their horses, carrying a little grain, so it must be good grazing.

The first 20 miles out of Ashcroft is quite level. Then you come to the first hill, which is about three miles long. It's a very easy grade, as shown by the fact that freighters are now hauling on sleighs, with six horses, loads of 12,000 pounds over the road.

This brings you to the summit, and then you travel sixty miles along a

level table-land with good grazing all along. The descent is down an easy hill about four miles long, and that brings you to what is called One Hundred Mile House, which is eighty-three miles beyond Ashcroft. From that point the road runs through level country forty or fifty miles to the One Hundred and Fifty Mile House. Then comes a very easy hill, about two miles long, which is heavily wooded, but with ranges (or ranches?) in open places. Going down a switch back hill for about three miles, you come into Soda Creek, a town of two hundred people with two hotels and two small stores.

From Soda Creek, thirty-five miles of level road takes you into Quesnelle, a town of two hundred people, a Hudson's Bay Post, with one good store besides, and two hotels.

At Quesnelle you cross the Fraser River on a steamboat and leave the wagon road for the old telegraph trail. It is about 225 miles from Quesnelle to Hazelton. There are no hotels along the trail, but grazing places for horses are found at intervals of from

one to seven miles.... There are many meadows, and the hillsides are covered with peavine, bluejoint, and wormwood. Horses are exceedingly fond of the latter, will grow fat on it, and will leave timothy to eat it. The country is pretty well timbered, chiefly with birch, cottonwood, and fir, but with many open spaces. There is an abundance of water, grazing and firewood the entire distance. It is an ideal out-lying country, and there will be feed in summer for 10,000 horses.

Along the trail much of the wire strung by the Western Union Telegraph Company when it was pushing its project for a land line to Alaska, across the Behring Straits and through Siberia, lies on the ground, and at times pack animals trip on it. Much of the wire has been taken by the Indians, who use it in place of nails, to fasten the ends of their snowshoes, or for fencing and various other purposes.

Hazelton is about 450 miles from Ashcroft, and is a little town of three

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## BIG GAME GUIDE

*continued from page 5*

piled up square in the middle of the road. Walt sticks his head out of the cab and shouts, "Look at that mess ahead!"

"A big fire went through here in '29," I explain, more for moral encouragement than anything else. "Never been a wagon over the road since."

"Hang on then!" He takes a Strangler Lewis grip on the wheel and steps on the gas. "I'm taking her on high."

"High is right." I agree as all four wheels leave the ground and an overhanging limb cracks me a bad one on the left ear. No controlling that skillet now. It's swinging back and forth like the pendulum on your grandfathers clock. I have to roar to make myself heard over the thunderous roar of the strife.

"Everything alright?" I yells. And Skittles says, "Top hole old fellow,— positively top hole. If the dog would just take his hind leg out of my trousers pocket....."

I grabbed the hound by the tail and heaved him overboard. Time he was hunting a stump anyway.

"Ouch! That damned skillet!" Skittles gives tongue to a bellow of pain

and clamps both hands to his head. For the skillet and staple part company, and the skillet, shipping weight seven pounds, sails gracefully through space to catch him a beauty right on top of the dome.

"Oh-my-gosh! Hope it didn't crack it." I breathe in anxiety.

"What my cranium?" he asks rubbing that part of his well-bred skull in frightful agony.

"No, the skillet." I reply. "Three dollars and ninety eight cents. Eaton's Cheap Sale, that's what the skillet set me back."

I pick the skillet up and sigh with relief; just dented a bit that's all. Sure does burn me up though the way that fellow is handling the truck, so I rap on the top of the cab (which is his signal to stop), jumps down and demand, "What in H...l d'ya think you're doing? Pretty near broke the skillet.....might have been the whiskey."

"It's the windfalls — the gol danged windfalls," he explains. "What are you going to do, drive over 'em or cut 'em out?"

"Hmm-m." I climb back into the truck with all the dignity the occasion calls for. "Keep going old chap, you're doing fine."

Ever see an Englishman on speak-



ing terms with an axe? Raven Lake, that's the place I'm heading for, although why they call it "Raven" I don't rightly know. All kinds of queer place names back here in the Chilcotin, and nobody seems to know what for. For instance, there's a Goose lake where I never saw a Goose in my life — and neither has anyone else and a Fish lake where you have to take your own kippers with you if you want a mess of fish. Native wit, that's what did it.

However I know there are plenty of geese hanging around this Raven lake and I reckon I can find a few four-point bucks besides. Lots of moose back on yonder mountain in the windfalls, but who wants to crawl around the windfalls hunting moose?

But Geese..... Give me a good goose lake, an old ten gauge pump gun and someone else paying for the

*continued page 34*

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# Mining Takes an Upward Swing

Despite the nearly five-month long miners strike which so effectively tied up lode-gold production in the Cariboo from July 2nd until late November, 1946 was next-door to a boom year, and brought brighter prospects for the future of northern B. C. mining than any year since the Cariboo Gold Quartz, Island Mountain, Bralorne and the Pioneer Mines went into production back in 1933.

The rumoured coming increase in the price of gold to \$52.00 per ounce resulted in intensified diamond-drilling programs in many areas. Work is reported to be progressing satisfactorily in the Whitesail Lake area where Pioneer have the Harrington property under option. A government reconnaissance party went into the field in the late fall to make preliminary surveys for an outlet, in the form of a road 55 miles long down the Dean River to the coast. In the event that 1947 drilling proves the continuation of surface showings, it is expected that construction will commence on both mill and the road before winter snow flies in -47.

Northwest of the Whitesail area the silver, lead, and zink properties in the

vicinity of Hazelton and Smithers are being vigorously explored. The Duthie, a famous producer of pre-depression days (before the bottom fell out of silver) located on Hudson's Bay Mountain 22 miles from Smithers, is being prepared for production, 60 men will be employed through the winter and production is expected to commence next spring. The Duthie has produced over a million in high-grade silver ore. With silver back up to 90 cents an ounce, the Silver Standard, another old-time producer, is also being prepared for production, while prospecting and drilling programs are being carried out on several properties which had not gone into production at the time of the collapse in silver prices. Amongst these are the American Boy (near the Silver Standard), the Cronin (20 miles north east of Smithers), the Topley Richfield (7 miles north of Topley on the road to Babine Lake), the Owens Lake Mine (20 miles south of Houston, plus others not so well known.

Most recent discovery, one which has created a minor gold rush and has, at latest report, resulted in the staking of over 600 claims, is the result

of two years intensive searching in the Omineca for the 'mother-lode' which filled the streams of that district with placer gold and was responsible for the Omineca gold rush at the turn of the century. Assays of from \$5.00 to \$1,000.00 per ton in gold were taken from veins ranging from a few inches to three feet in width and traceable for a distance up to 1500 feet, in the vicinity of Johansen Lake — 60 miles northwest of Manson Creek. The discoverers believe the district will prove to be a second Yellowknife, and had little trouble in optioning the property to eastern interests who will carry on through the winter such exploration work as the weather permits. There is no road to the property, and supplies have to be flown in. There is, however, a winter 'cat' road, built by the Consolidated Mining Company to their Aiken Lake property to within 30 miles of the new holdings.

Back in the Barkerville field, construction of fifty new housing units by the Cariboo Gold Quartz Mining Company (in which the controlling interest was recently acquired by Quebec Gold — an eastern company) was hampered by shortages, while the strike forced Island Mountain to shelve ideas of perhaps resuming exploratory work on their Shamrock Mine (situated almost in the heart of Barkerville) until the manpower became more plentiful. The strike, being against producing mines only, allowed drilling and drifting operations to be carried

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Drag line-dredge of the E.A. Kent operation on the Cottonwood River

on throughout the year by Parker-ville Gold Mines. This property consists of the old Proserpine holdings from which excellent assays have been taken in the past, and upon which considerable exploratory work was done prior to the war by the original Proserpine Mining Company. The work is said to be progressing favourably.

Preparations are under way to carry on an intensive drilling program on the old Cariboo Hudson property east of Barkerville. (The writer was recently advised to buy stock in this property, by a party connected with the original company who claims that he personally broke pieces of quartz off the walls of a drift which were literally studded with gold — some of which pieces of gold were as big as the end of a man's little finger.)

With the strike over, it is expected that 1947 will be a boom year for

Barkerville district, and that the population will increase to 5000 within five years.

Most heartening developments have been taking place during the year in regard to the future of the Cariboo and Omineca placer fields. Many mining companies from across the border have been busy this year with new and modern earth-moving equipment. North American Goldfields Ltd., Collins Pacific, E. A. Kent and J. V. Rice, (Beavermouth Dredging, and others have all done sufficient preliminary work during 1946 to prove conclusively the efficiency of the modern drag-line-dredge unit when put to work handling large yardages of low-paying gravel. One of the above-mentioned companies is said to have shown a gross return of some \$90,000 for 4 months operation, using a crew of a dozen men or less. Operating costs as

low as 11 cents per cubic yard were reported by North American Goldfields, with the results of other operations being very close to this figure. The high-grade ground of 80 years ago is gone, but it is being predicted that the 80 millions in gold which the Cariboo produced in the first 10 years after discovery will look like small potatoes when the hundreds of miles of low-pay ground now being staked is made to give up its quota of gold with the use of modern equipment.

The experimental stage in the use of this type of equipment is past — with operating costs as low as 11 cents per yard, 25 cent a yard ground is considered tops. Untold millions of yards of such ground are available, I should say 'were' available, for the ground is fast being taken up by companies, which plan to operate not one, but several units, and who also plan to sub-lease some of their holdings to other capable operators.

Further south, the Horsefly area is also receiving close attention by several companies planning to use the type of dredging unit tried so success-

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## CURIOUS EXPRESSIONS

To whom it may consume.

You have changed my little boy to a little girl. Will it make any difference?

I do not receive my husband's pay. If I do not receive it I shall be compelled to lead an immortal life.

I am returning the check. Mr Bland and I have been living together for three years. I am not his wife. We are just close friends.

I have a baby born August 22nd. What action shall I take regarding it?

My mother is dead on both sides.

The \$20.00 for my two months old son which has not arrived yet.

Please tell me if he is living or dead and if so what is his address.

Date of discharge — I don't know. Reason — that's what I want to know.

My son was discharged for physical abilitation.

I have not received no pay since my husband was confined to a constipation (concentration) camp in Germany. When he was drafted he was in the employment of \$18.00 per week.

Your relationship to the enlisted man — I am still his beloved wife. Extract from a letter, from a boy to his mother: I am writing in the Y. M. C. A. with the piano playing in my uniform.

I was discharged from the army for a goiter which I was sent home

on. This letter is written on an ocean of love with every wave a kiss.

We have your letter. I am his grandmother and grandfather and he was kept and bred up in this house according to your instructions.

I have received my insurance polish and have since moved by postoffice.

I am pleading for a little more time.

Dear Press: Don't let this letter down until you have read it to the end. How do you expose me to live? My husband was my sole export. Long live the war of Liberty — Long die Germany.

Date of birth — Not yet but soon. She is confined constantly.

It is improbable for me to make a living without his sport.

## MODERN Chistmas Carol

*continued from page 6*

from whence it came.

The man stirred uneasily as the vague muffled sounds increased in volume. Suddenly, as though a door had been opened, loud voices shattered the stillness. Shocked into wakefulness, the man started forward in his chair, peering dazedly about into the murky corners as the room resounded to the dismall tones of an invisible speaker concluding, '.....and ever, since I have wandered about the face of the earth, bound in these chains.'

Fully conscious now, the man sat waiting; aware suddenly to the very roots of his hair, which seemed to stand on end of its own volition, of the heavy clomping footsteps and the rattle of chains echoing about the four walls. He tried vainly to see, but could distinguish nothing save a vague luminous blur approaching from the direction of the door.

'Who's there?' he called out hoarsely. The rattling of the chains stopped as did the voices.— 'Who's there?' he called again, only this time there was a note of panic in his voice.

There was no answer. The faint

luminous blur by the door had stopped moving towards him, for which he was thankful, though he somehow knew that in a moment or two it would again start moving towards him;

that it was because of *him* that this ghostly apparition was here. He glanced quickly about the room. Everything was as it should be; nothing was disturbed, chairs, book cases, ta-

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bles, desk, rugs, — everything was as it should be except that the fire had gone out.

Suddenly a voice, *the voice*, shattered the stillness, and he swung sharply around in his chair to face it. 'For a hundred years — and more,' it said, 'I have gone forth at this time.....Every year, when Christmas Eve passes into Christmas Day, I must show myself to these grasping mortals, and haunt them with my helpless misery. — but it is so hopeless, so, - so *futile*, only once was I successful. — Scrooge, they called him, my old partner. — But I can't stop! I am doomed to go on for ever, though I am so weary, so *worn*, and the chains so *heavy*, that the very marrow in my bones seem as ashes.....' The voice ended in an anguished groan which sent shivers racing up and down the man's spine.

He waited tensely; his fingers digging into the arms of the overstuffed chair. Presently two figures emerged into the slanting rays of moonlight; one grey-haired and gaunt, the unmistakable owner of the despairing voice, faltering under the weight of the many chains which were bound around his emaciated body; the other short, stocky, dressed in some ancient uniform. The stocky individual wore a bulky black hat, cut-away coat, and with one hand tucked into his vest, the other behind his back paced restlessly to and fro. He paused in his pacing, turned his brooding eyes on his companion and demanded passionately, 'Who is it? To whom must you show yourself tonight? What is his name?'

Heedless of his companion's agitation, the stooped figure slowly dragged his way forward, his dull staring eyes fixed unwaveringly before him, as though in a trance. The figures passed out of the brilliant moonlight square. In the ensuing gloom the figures appeared startlingly luminous and the man was positive that he could see right through them to the far wall.

'Name? — What matter the name?—

*continued on page 68*

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## BIG GAME GUIDE

*continued from page 29*

shells..... It's thisaway — just before we pull out of Riske Creek, Skittles casts an eye over the shelves of the local store and asks, "Any other equipment you recommend we take along?" (as if the ton of trash they've already got isn't enough) But I size up those eight or ten boxes of ten gauge No. 4's and reply, "Maybe you gents might be glad if someone is around to finish off the cripples..... Some of those ganders can handle a powerful lot of lead. — Maybe we'd better take along those boxes of ten gauge just in case....."

Moose, did you say? What guide in his right senses would be taking his hunters up there in the windfalls after Moose when his shells haven't cost him a cent, and there are geese around the lake?

Well folks, I could devote many chapters to the anguish and misery encountered before we reached this here lake, but why dwell at length on the sadder moments of life? But reach it we finally did and by the time a couple of good fires are blazing, the two tents up, and the best part of four quarts of Scotch tossed down our gullets, this funny old world doesn't seem such a bad place after all. Especially when I hear those geese flighting into the lake. Mollie and Skittles,

they both want to begin hunting the birds right this very minute, but after I've thrown three big slugs of Hennessey into them they don't seem to give a cuss whether they go a-hunting or to bed.

Tis a grand night in which to be out in the woods, what with the full moon a-shining down in stark naked glory and the stars making googoo eyes at each other, and all that sort of tripe; and the Right Honourable lads from the Old Country stand out under the trees drinking it all in.

"What a night," burbles Skittles in ecstasy. — "Reminds me of the Indian Jungle and that bally man-eating tiger I bagged....."

"What a night!" I echo to myself. — Reminds me of Stanley Park and 'something' I picked up on Hastings — or was it Cordova?

"By jove, old man," sighs Mollie, "Wouldn't it be a bit of allright if we could take a spot of the local atmosphere back to jolly old London with us?"

Along about midnight I hear the durndest howl from just back of the tent. Oh-oh! Not the first time I've heard that hound dog howl in such a fashion, and I brace myself for the worst — which isn't long in coming either. The dog hurtles through the tent flaps like a cyclone and tries to get into the blankets with me. Every time that pot-licker tangles with a skunk, he makes a bee-line for my bed but this time I'm ready for him and he goes yipping back out of the tent a short nose ahead of one of my hunting boots (the ones with the heavy caulks in them)

Gosh, sure enough — I knew it! I told Skittles at the beginning not to make such a friend out of that dog! Those dog friendships, — you can never tell what sort of jackpot they can land you into.

All hell suddenly breaks loose in the other tent. "Oh — I say old fellow — whats happened?"

"Man alive! — It's poison gas!" Mollie shrieks hysterically.

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"Poison gas my eye," wheezes Skittles. It's the dog — he's tangled with something.

"Well get him out of the tent before I'm asphyxiated," implores Mollie.

"By jingo, old chap, how can I? — He's crawled into the sleeping bag with me."

Ah well — I roll over on my back again and close my eyes. Nature must be served..... But just as I begin to fall off to sleep I am reminded of something and I mutter to myself, It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good — and I guess they've got it."

"Wooragorra?" mumbles Walt who is sleeping alongside me.

"How's that?" I enquire.

"Wooragorra," he repeats.

"For cripes sake take your fingers away from your nostrils so a fellow can understand what you're talking about," I growl. "Shucks. A guy who can't stand a whiff or two of good honest skunk stink has sure never served his apprenticeship around these Indian camps when the gals are drying salmon."

"What have they got?" Walt asks, taking the crimp off his nose.

"A touch of the local atmosphere to take back to London with them," I inform him.

Next morning the air is heavy with skunk scent and the dog is lying up there on a knoll where the wind can

get a good sweep at him. He stretches his nose out on one paw, cocks an ear and looks down at me as if to say — "Man, did I go to town last night!"

Skittles tilts his nose suspiciously into the breeze and takes a deep breath. "Pon my soul, the odours which permeate the atmosphere are appalling," he observes.

"In other words,— the place stinks like hell," I translate.

After breakfast I give the lake (which is a big one) the old one two with the glasses. Close to three or four hundred geese are rafted in the different bays so I reckon we are set for a few minutes of real sport if things go right (which they don't always do). Sending my boy through the timber on the east side of the lake, I instruct him to get about half way, then break out to the shore line and make all the racket he can. That should put the geese out up those two gullies on the east side and I reckon a fellow in those gullies with a box or two of number 4's should be set for some pretty fair shooting so I take Skittles and the other chap and head for the lake.

For a few seconds I am undecided which of the two I should stay with — you see I want to have both places of exit covered — but finally decide to stay with Skittles. (The fact of him having a full bottle of Scotch in his continued on page 43

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## VALLEY HYDRO JOB

continued from page 2

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First task prior to actual building of the main dam, is to swing the river into an artificial channel which is now being created by means of powerful bull-dozers and modern earth-moving equipment, as shown in accompanying photos.

When the engineers have taken care of the river in this way, they will then proceed to erect the concrete and steel permanent barrier which will be used to harness the power of the stream.

It is hoped that concrete will be flowing by February 1st. Speed is important in order to take advantage of low water during a period when King Winter has the lakes and feeder streams of the Bridge River Basin at a low ebb.

A. McSween, consulting engineer of the project, states that he is **delighted** with the possibilities of the Bridge River Valley, and the Lillooet country. The harnessing of the Bridge River for power purposes, he said, is an ideal job for the technical personnel. There were great problems, but these were now being overcome and it looks as though it will be smooth going from now on.

The first unit to be installed will have a capacity of 45,000 watts — with six more such units to follow as soon after as is warranted. Apart from supplying Greater Vancouver with power, and doing away with the necessity of B. C. importing power from the U. S., the above project will naturally result in the electrification of the Lillooet Valley.



This great natural reservoir will be flooded when the dam is completed. The equipment shown above is working on the channel through which the river will be by-passed during construction work. Because of the placer gold that has been found all along the river below the Pioneer and Bralorne mines, it is expected that many miners will put in appearance as soon as the present river is diverted through the above cut and the original channel left dry.

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# KITSELAS

## An Old Indian Legend of The Skeena

by B. Mulvaney

As related to the Author by Big Louis, Chief of the Kit-Ex-Shen tribe, when he and the author were canoeing the mail on the Skeena. They had had to portage because of high water, and the story was told over the camp fire beside the turbulent river.

The aging chief of the Tsimsheans had summoned his son to his side: "What ails ye? For years I have waited and still ye have taken no bride.

Too long we have tarried along the Coast, mid the Salt-Chuck's easy life.

Go forth, and come not back again lest ye bring to me your wife.

"Go furnish ye the great canoe and choose of our braves the best.

Pick five young men for company, men that can stand the test

Of rocky rapids, the canyon's roar, and the strain of the towing line, And go ye up the Skeena, seeking a bride where I found mine."

Weoakus, the son, replied: "I have listened to what you have said, And the maidens here do please me not, or surely I would be wed.

To-morrow we leave with the great canoe, loaded with stores that are rare,

To our brothers from the far inside, with the foods for which they care."

Kaien, his father, answered: "I am pleased that ye obey;

Go choose your crew at once, and I will load the canoe to-day,

With grease of the Oolachan, sea-food all; and remember ere ye go That your mother was strong and brave and true, and came from Old Kuldo."

The morning wind was light and fair when the merry crew set out, Sailing the salt-chuck easily, o'er

an oft-familiar route, Till they entered the mighty Skeena, where a favorable tide Carried them up the river till the weight of the salt-chuck died.

And then to pole and paddle, and hours on a straining line, But their labor was lightened with laughter, for the weather was benign.

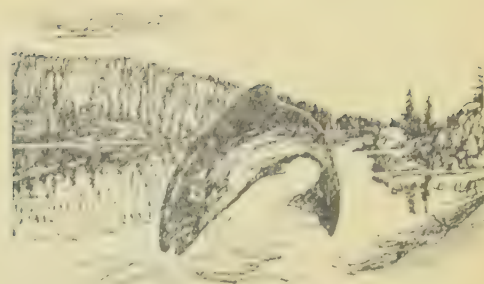
Steadily up the river, for the water was low and slow, And calm and quiet and peaceful—as such mighty rivers go.

Past village after village, at none of which they stayed, But just to say "Klahowya," although many a pretty maid Eyed them with coquettish glances and sighed as they would pass: But yet they would not linger till they came to Kitselas.

Here the river channel narrowed to two frowning canyon walls, With but sixty feet between them, full of rocks and reefs and falls. Weoakus went ahead and looked, then came back laughing, said: "'Tis only easy water, let us keep on going ahead."

The mile of canyon mastered, ever on and on they went, Past Means-kin-isht to Kit-wan-gah, and all the time intent On getting up the river while the spring stage still was low— Lining rapids, poling riffles, with a progress far from slow.

At the mouth of the Hag-wil-get



River, where Hazelton now stands, They found a large encampment of many Indian bands; And Kaien's cousin Tsintlet was chief of the Kit-ex-shen; He bade Weoakus welcome and made tent room for his men.

But on the morning camp was struck and all the different flocks Took canoes in one direction—to the village of Kispiox, Where many tribes were gathered—Sikanee and Kis-ga-gas, Stikine, Babine and Kuldo, and even from the Nass.

With dance and feast and frolic, Weoakus and his crew, Generous with their stores of food, made a pot-latch, too; And Tsintlet was their sponsor, always at Weoakus' side, For to him he had confided he was seeking for a bride.

The rains came on, the river rose, but still the dancing feet In the pot-latch responded to the tom-tom's steady beat, And Weoakus, always careful, went to look at his canoe, To see that everything was safe, as he was won't to do.

Then on his way returning, past a single little tent, He stopped and looked a moment and then to Tsintlet went: "Come quick and tell me who this is? There's a girl I want to know." And Tsintlet looked and answered, "Janet the Sitkum, from Kuldo.

"But you need not try to win her, for she's shortly to be wed To 'Unguz, the Wolf of Kis-ga-gas'—tho' she were better dead." Said Weoakus, "I'll talk to her, and

continued on page 64



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continued from page 2

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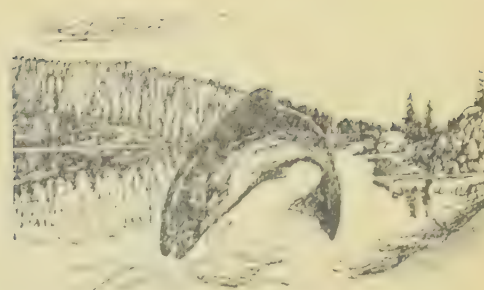
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TWO STORES AT YOUR SERVICE

WELLS, B.C.

## Tete Jaune Cache

continued from page 11

a family comprised of father, two sons and a daughter who lived at the Cache.

Mr. Donelly, who had been appointed boss of one of the construction gangs brought his family from the east so that they could be together. Both sons were able to obtain jobs on one of the river steamers plying between the Cache and Quesnel. Their sister, a girl of sixteen, kept house for them all in a shack, half wood, half canvas, which non-the-less she managed to make very home-like for her men.

While the father was able to get home every night, the boys were only home once a week, which though they would have preferred being home more often, was still infinitely better than being separated by the breadth of the continent. They were a very happy family and derived a great deal of pleasure from each others company. One day the girl received word of an accident down the line in which her father had been badly crushed. He was brought home, where everything possible was done by neighbours and friends to save his life, but only a clever surgeon with well equipped and modern facilities could possibly have saved him. The nearest doctor being at Edmonton, his case was hopeless from the start.

Someone once said, 'The rougher and

harder the life people live, the nearer the surface is sincere human kindness', and the women of the neighbourhood certainly proved it, endeavouring to comfort her as best they could, and making all arrangements for his internment — the brothers being away at the time, and not expected back for several days.

A few weeks passed during which time her brothers and friends interested her in baking pies and cakes for sale, and she became so busy she had little time to mourn.

Her youthful aptitude for happiness reasserting itself, she was beginning to enjoy her life again, when fate dealt her another blow. This time; a greater blow than the first, for a river pilot arrived with the news that the boat, on which both boys worked, had struck a rock in the river and had sank, and that the two brothers had been drowned.

The shock of the news resulted in the complete collapse of the seventeen year old girl and she had to be cared for by a relay of volunteer nurses (even some of the girls from so-called houses of enjoyment gave of their time and means to help) until she was well enough to take up life again. Due to the resiliency of youth, coupled to the necessity of earning her living she gradually developed a good little baking business. She car-

continued on page 42

## JACK - O' - CLUBS HOTEL

' The Cariboo's Best '

FULLY MODERN - Dining Room - LICENSED

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WELLS, B. C.





## AS I SEE IT

by JOHN A. FRASEP

*The views and opinions expressed in this column are not necessarily the views and opinions of the editor.*

All qualified voters in Canada would be well advised to analyze the result of the recent by-elections in Canada, especially so if they are interested in *stable* government.

Regarding the three constituencies lost by the Liberals, Pontiac seems to indicate that it is time for a change; while the Progressive Conservatives held the Parkdale seat, nevertheless their vote was 29 percent less than in 1945. In Brandon the Progressive Conservatives made a clear gain in the total vote.

A multiplication of parties leads inevitably to less effective Government Policies, as the governing body must of necessity adapt their general policies to the whims and fancies of minor groups in order to avoid the defeat of their own settled policies. This situation can not be better illustrated than by a reference to the pre-war condition in France where the instability of

government policies led to the utter destruction of the country.

In Canada, in 1945, there were only 7 seats in which we had two-party contests; in 238 seats either three or more candidates contested each seat, while in 1940 we had two-way contests in one half the seats.

The only chance that revolutionary parties have is in minority victories in multi party contests.

The conclusion to be drawn from this situation seems to be that the Liberal and Conservative party organization machinery is not working effectively. Organization in either of these parties is but a shadow of what it was previous to the advent of three or more parties.

It is therefore, not difficult to arrive at the conclusion that intensive organization is the real remedy to head off the swing to the left, and by intensive effort to educate the public to the danger of a multiplicity of parties contending for support, some of which seem to have no other objective than to take away from some particular candidate enough votes to defeat him even if there is not a chance to elect the candidate to whom their support may be given.

Referring to the present elections in the United States it does not appear to me that we should be apprehensive of a radical change in policy towards ourselves as the good neighbour policy of the war years is deeply rooted on both sides of the border and a recurrence of drastic revisions of tariff such as occurred in the twenties would appear unlikely.



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SHOWS FROM SMITHERS  
TO FT. ST. JAMES, B. C.

**TOURISTS:** If you are vacationing near one of the following centres, drop in for an evenings relaxation and enjoyment of the latest pictures.

FRANCOIS LAKE  
VANDERHOOF SMITHERS  
FORT ST. JAMES  
GISCOMBE DECKER LAKE  
FRASER LAKE



## T. M. OWENS VARIETY STORE

( Opposite Royal Bank )

- We Sell For Less -

QUESNEL, B.C.

## PAUL KRESTENUK

NAZKO, KLUSKUS, & ULKATCHO  
TRADING POSTS



Dealer in STOCK, FURS, and  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

## FRASER'S STORE

(Bruce Russell proprietor)

GENERAL MERCHANT

"SHELL" Gas & Oil  
on the Lakeshore

FORT ST. JAMES, B.C.



astonished to see me as I was to see them. I tried to stop for a talk, but the water was too swift and swept the boat down stream. Stopped again to look over the Isle de Pierre Rapid and ran through easily as there was lots of water.

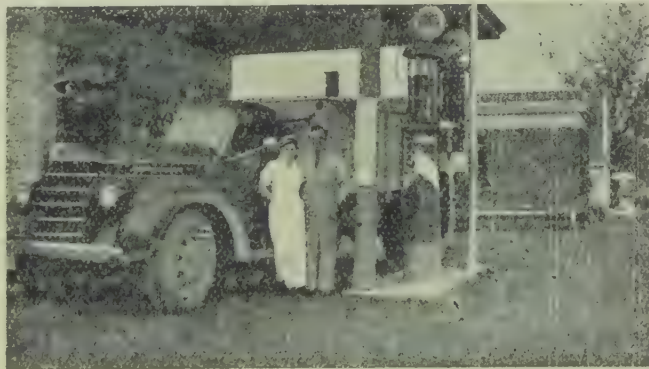
But from Bednesti down the water became swift and rough with numerous shallows. While gliding along the shore a young coyote which was not at all disturbed sniffed the air and started to follow the boat for a while. I suppose he smelt fried eggs and bacon.

Next stop was at White Mud River rapid, which has a sheer fall of 8 feet in places. Caused by shallows and a reef of great rocks across the river. And swift water. I stayed quite a while trying to find a passage. There were three things I could do. Unload and portage. Line the boat down. Or take a chance and shoot through one of the gaps. I chose the first gap about 7 feet wide between the rocks on the left bank with a drop of 2 feet. So started rowing in good time to get into position for dead centre and shot through safely. Then stopped for lunch.

This was the last and most difficult rapid on the Nechaco river.

Stopped at a ferry where some men told me that Prince George was only 9 miles by road, but 15 miles by the river. And that I could leave my boat in a mill pond if I went inside the sheer boom. It was getting cold again, and I hurried to get settled before dark. I had been a bit worried about a place to stay and leave my boat safely for the night. Along the river I could camp anywhere, but not in a city. But things panned out as if they had been arranged for my benefit. It certainly is true that one should not worry about the Morrow. I saw the mill owner who gave me permission to leave the boat there as I wished to go and find lodging for the night. He said "I can fix you up with that too". And lent me a furnished cabin. But would not take any pay for it next morning. So I spent a comfortable night.

Next day having renewed my stores, I entered the Fraser River at 1.30 p.m. and passed under the bridge. My next objective was the Fort George Canyon, about 20 miles down stream, but progress was slow as the motor

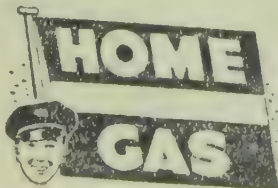


## BANK SERVICE STATION

"Your FRIENDLY Dealer"

*Bob Lattman*

QUESNEL, B.C.



## The CLOCK Shop

Wm. COOK, proprietor

Watches & Clocks Bought, Sold  
Repaired

OLD GOLD, JEWELRY,  
ANTIQUES

QUESNEL, B.C.

## Allen's Bakery

Makers of Cariboo's  
BEST BREAD

QUESNEL, B.C.

## Wells Drug Co.

*Limited*

*We carry a large assortment of*

TOILETRIES, DRUGS, FILMS  
ICE CREAM & TOBACCO

The REXALL Store

WELLS, B.C.

## Wells Produce

Serving Wells  
and the Cariboo  
since 1933

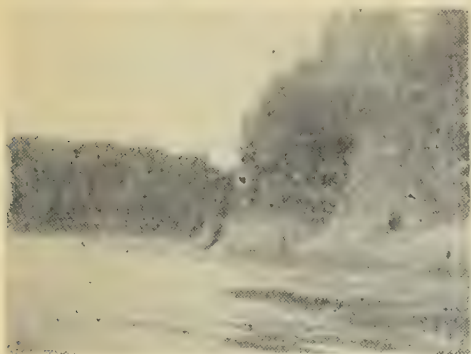
Specializing in Fruit  
Vegetables - Groceries

'DELNOR

Frosted Foods

WELLS, B.C.





Entrance to Fort George canyon.

gave trouble. At 5 p.m. I came to some rocky waterworn bluffs showing a very high watermark. The water got swift and rough but nothing to bother about. I thought I had passed through the canyon as some smooth water appeared ahead, but a sudden turn in the river and a roaring sound made me realize I was just entering it.

There was no time to stop as the boat swept by the rocks. Two channels were visible (and in reality there were three.) All I could do was to steady the boat with the oars. She spun round and round in the eddies and I had no control as to direction. I sat tight and later was able to avoid the breaking waves. It did not take long to get through at the rate I was going. I soon found an old miners cabin where I stayed the night with permission of the owner.

Left early the next morning, but stopped later to try and fix the motor. It would not work any longer, so I took to the oars. This was about

half way between Prince George and Quesnel, in the big (westward) bend of the river. Suddenly came upon a ridge of rocks right across the river. From my boat it looked as though there were two rocks just behind the first gap, so I headed for the second but in reality the rocks were in the second and I saw them whizz by as the boat shot over the fall. How the boat missed them I don't know, just the good luck that was mine throughout the trip. I pulled into the bank to regain my composure, and thank God my outfit was still intact.

I was now rowing all the time, and noticed signs of placer mining old and new, and a camp here and there. A long river boat with outboard motor passed with three miners, but they did not offer me a tow. Later I saw them at a cabin, as they watched me pass down river. But I kept on going, and paid no attention to them, as I felt a little independent too. It had started to rain and I had to look for a spot to camp for the night. I now came to a place where a whole mountain had fallen into the river. A terrible scene of desolation. Dead trees were lying at all angles, and there were great cracks in the earth. A new line of white bluffs were exposed a mile back from the river, and the slide was fully a mile long. A truly dismal scene on a wet afternoon.

At 4.30 it was time to stop. This was a lonely spot with no one about for miles. Pulled the boat up on

*continued on page 60*

## GRAND HOTEL

*On the Barkerville road - 9 miles  
before reaching Wells*

Fully Licensed  
STANLEY, B.C.

## DR. J. F. SHUTE

*Dentist*

QUESNEL, WELLS, Wms. LAKE

*A man known to us only as a celebrity in politics or trade gains largely in our esteem if we discover that he has some intellectual taste or skill*

- Ralph Waldo Emerson



## Marsh Brothers TRANSFER

WOOD - ICE - COAL

Mining Equipment &  
Furniture Moving

*a Specialty*

QUESNEL, B.C.



## Willis - Harper HARDWARE

EVERYTHING - for the  
Hunter - Camper - Fisherman

Quesnel, B. C.





## Tete Jaune Cache

ried on until she married a young engineer who later became the head of one of the railway departments, living very comfortably in the east until she died a few years ago.

There still remain one or two of the dinky little locomotives which were used to a great extent in constructing the G. T. P. One of these has come to its final rest in a prominent place at the Prince George railway depot, where it attracts more than a little attention, and where I trust it will

remain for many years as a fitting monument to the men who toiled and in many cases gave their lives to the opening up of Northern B. C. and making possible the settling of many towns between Jasper and Prince Rupert.

No doubt most people crave the ability, as I do, to be able to emulate such writers as Jack London and others who could embellish this simple story and make of it a best-seller, but that gift is vouchsafed to only a few, of which, unfortunately I am not one, being cursed by the inability to lie convincingly or even gracefully.

An alleged writer mailed a story to one of Canada's popular magazines. Since the editors were very busy at the time it arrived they did not give it their customary prompt attention. Two weeks later they received the following wire —

'Please let me know whether you have considered my article as I have other irons in the fire.'

The editor wired back promptly — collect, 'We have, and advise you to put it in with your other irons.'

## A PERSONAL Aia Charter Service



*AIRCRAFT - both Seaplane and Landplane - are now available at Prince George and Fort St. James, operating at rates you can afford to pay.*

Our personnel are 'old-timers' in the country.

Phone, Write, or Wire



Bases At: PRINCE GEORGE and FORT ST. JAMES, B. C.

## The Northwest

There's a land that is fertile where the tamarac grows,  
Where the grain leans heavy and the wild lily blows,  
Where the sun shines long like a lingering sigh,  
And it's hardly worthwhile for the moon to ride by;

Where the storm-clouds roll like knights on steeds,  
And the rain bursts forth through the silvery reeds.  
O, the living is richer where it's followed with zest—  
In the Peace River Country of the Great North West!

O, take me where the hills are rolling, cool and green,  
Where the trees hug the valleys and the air is fresh and clean,  
Where the rivers wind in laughing glee across the fertile plain,  
Dance in and out of forest groves and through the fields again.

Yes, take me where the winter is a pageantry of white,  
Where in each and every window is a friendly, flickering light,  
Where every soul is welcome, and a stranger is a guest—  
In the Peace River Country of the Great Northwest!

—D.J.

*Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we are capable of doing.*

— Thomas Carlyle

## M. WARNER

& Company

*Mens Ladies - Childrens  
Ready to Wear*

*Dry Goods*

SMITHERS, B.C.



## BIG GAME GUIDE

continued from page 35

hip pocket to the other fellow's half bottle has nothing to do with my decision whatsoever). So, leaving Mollie in the first gully we proceed to the other, which is about three hundred yards away, just beyond a ridge of timber. Here I plant Skittles under a lone spruce tree and give him his instructions.

"A whole slough of those geese should come out right over this tree. Wait until you can see the whites of their eyes, then turn the old musket loose right in the middle of them."

He evidently understands what I mean. "Give the old blighters ballyho — eh what? You can rely on me— Skittlebrittle *never* fails."

Me, I move over about fifty yards and cache myself behind a willow clump. Shot this lake before, I have,— know just where a guy should be to get the best shooting. I glance affectionately down at Meat-in-the-Pot—that's the ten gauge, and she throws an evil leer back at me. Faithful old hussy, that ten gauge. Goes on the rampage sometimes (when there are ducks or geese around) and I have never been rightly able to break her of this fault. Poor old girl! Never knows what it is to feel the gentle caress of an oily rag through her in-nards on account of my motto being — 'the-dirtier they are, the better they shoot'

Take a gun well caked with dried-up alkali mud and Mister, you've a weapon with some Choke! Meat-in-the-Pot should be in fair shape today, for the last time I exercised her I tripped and fell in a bog hole and right at this very minute you couldn't see daylight down the barrel with a magnifying glass.

I ram four or five shells into..... What I mean to say is I make sure the plug in her intake is according to the law, then dumps a couple of dozen shells at the foot of the willow where I can get them in a hurry.

## Hunters! TAKE NOTE, Something New



Something you have been waiting for. Don't rush back before you have created your outfit to the full! Ship your moose, deer and other game to us via any regular truckers, and stay as long as you please, confident that your game is being preserved in perfect condition until you are ready to leave

Write, wire, or phone - or just ship your game via truck - and pick it up when you are homeward bound!

## CLINTON COLD STORAGE

Clinton

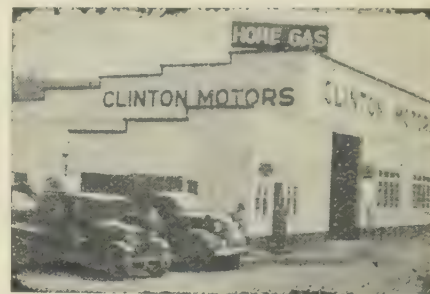
B. C.

opposite Clinton Hotel



## CLINTON MOTORS Limited

- Ron Dyer - Bruce McTavish -  
- Bill McDonald -



Fully Equipped  
Complete Garage and Wrecker Service  
GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCTS

CLINTON B.C.

## SANDERS COFFEE BAR

Gale Sanders

HOME COOKED MEALS — LIGHT LUNCHES

New Modern Quarters

Next Door To The COG GRINDER'S POOL  
BOSTON BAR. B. C.

Over under the spruce Skittles is fumbling with something and suddenly I hear 'Pop! — "Coming on the run," I tell him. — Glug — glug — glug.

"Grand life," he opines, passing it over to me. Glug — glug — glug. "Can't be beat," I agree, passing it back.

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## Let The Wastelands Produce

continued from page 4

we footed 30 percent of the total cost of supporting the B. C. Game Administration during that year!

We have more sense than to ask, still less expect, that we will get but a little of that money back again. With an ever-increasing demand for Fish Hatcheries, Liberation of Game Birds, etc, etc, in the lower regions of the province, we realize (whenever the wind blows our way from Victoria) that those monies we contribute by way of Royalties etc is, in the main, going to be used to build those hatcheries—liberate those birds. Our somewhat obscure knowledge of government tells us that any administration, whether that administration be Tory, Whig, C. C. F., or what have you, is going to expend its funds where they will do the most good *politically*, and we certainly take no issue with that perfectly obvious fact.

On the contrary. All we ask is that we be allowed to contribute *more* monies for Royalties etc, in order that more, and still more, Hatcheries be built; more and still more Gamebirds be liberated for ever-increasing multitudes of B. C. Sportsmen (all of whom we count as our friends and allies in the struggle for more adequate Wild Life Conservation) But we cannot pro-

duce such a source of government largesse when a single pair of Beaver with which we are attempting to commence the restocking of a watershed (which has beenraped of its every Beaver for years before we came onto the scene) are slaughtered by Fur Thieves before they have even had the chance to reproduce themselves; when an offender convicted of stealing two hundred dollars worth of muskrat which we left untouched for breeding purposes, is hauled before a local magistrate and turned loose with a \$25.00 fine. (Net profit to said offender, \$175.00 — gross loss to the Fur Trade, \$700.00 — \$800.00)

In 1945, at its Annual Convention in Kamloops, this Association presented very lengthy evidence before the late Mr. R. L. Maitland (then Attorney General of British Columbia) which definitely proved that if given a chance the Wastelands of B. C. can indeed produce prodigious revenue. That evidence proved how individual traplines which when first taken up by their present owners contributed but ten or fifteen per annum by way of Royalty, had been developed over a period of years until the Royalty from the sale of Muskrat pelts alone had on one single trapline in the year 1945 amounted to over \$100.00. The evidence taken from Inspector Robertson of the Game Division (who had, just

prior to that convention made a prolonged tour of inspection of certain traplines in the interior) also showed that the very large increase in fur production on these lines was due to one dominant factor — namely, the industry and initiative displayed by those trappers in their efforts to create better conditions for the fur-bearing animals. They were, for a fact, *farming* their fur, insofar as any fur-bearing animal in the wild state can be farmed.

There is no question but what the Fur-Bearing wealth of the province can be multiplied many times if government will but awaken to the fact and investigate some of the iniquitous conditions which confront the Registered Trapper of today. Last spring (1946), the Hudson's Bay Company (Vancouver branch) could have used another thirty thousand Muskrat pelts (for which they were paying three dollars each); this also applies to most of the other large fur companies. The marshes which might have supplied those muskrat are sprawled clear across the hinterland of British Columbia, yet they are today almost idle, contributing little towards the general economy of the province.

Despite the fact that the farming of Mink (pen raised) has reached such large proportions, last February the writer sold to the Hudson's Bay Co. 18 wild mink, the majority of which netted sixty-five dollars per pelt. And these mink were merely a by-product of the Muskrat and Beaver Marshes.

If Beaver and Muskrat be brought back into the watersheds, the Mink come themselves; without Beaver and Muskrat (in the Interior) the Mink are conspicuous by their absence. The reason, we believe, that the wild mink mentioned brought such a high price was due to the fact that majority of them were living of a diet comprising 75 percent Muskrat Liver in consequence of which the pelts were of very choice quality. (Your pen-raised animals do not get those vitamins)

This same company was paying around eighty dollars on an average for Marten (Interior) and could have absorbed many more pelts at that figure

## Attention Trappers!

Send a trial shipment of Fur to Cariboo's  
MOST RELIABLE DEALER

*Guaranteed Service from an honest Dealer  
who has been in business for 30 years*

# Pete Pavich

WELLS, British Columbia



Please turn to page 57 for continuation of article on opposite page.

## EDITORIAL

continued from page 1

Manufacturers do the dictating. Truly, these self-same manufacturers must be rather apprehensive of our increasing abilities as manufacturers, else they would not deem it necessary to insist on maintaining this added safeguard of their monopoly of the prairie market.

And now let us consider No. 3, for it is by far the most important. It is the one which should be brought about immediately, for without a North-South line of communication which is capable of hauling heavy freight, B.C. will *never* grow to the stature that her abundant natural resources warrant. Let us review a few of the changes that would result from the completion of the P.G.E. to the Peace River:

(a) A great percentage of the 25,000 head of livestock which is now shipped out of the Peace River each year to Edmonton would come direct to Vancouver, obviating the necessity of importing our own B.C.-raised beef from Alberta, which is what we are doing today.

(b) Cariboo cattle production would not only almost double itself through the availability of cheap feed-grains, but the quality would come up to par

with that of Alberta beef through the grain-finishing which would be possible with grain coming directly south from the Peace.

(c) Vancouver would not have to beg Eastern officials to ship grain from that port. Their grain elevators would not lie empty while eastern elevators were choked with grain — Millions of bushels of grain are grown in the 'Peace' which would find a 'natural' outlet through the port of Vancouver.

(d) Billions of tons of the highest grade coal are waiting for development, and transportation to the world markets through the port of Vancouver. And Vancouver would no longer have to import coal from the U.S.A. (80 thousand tons were imported from across the border during 1945) or from Alberta. And with the Vancouver Island coal reserves rapidly dwindling, Vancouver itself need never worry about a possible fuel shortage.

(e) Last, but certainly equally important, is the fact that lower B.C. manufacturers, industrialists and producers would have a vast new market for their goods and products — the whole of Northwestern Canada — and this market would be open to them without any such freight rate problem as now hampers them in trying to do business with the prairies and Eastern Canada. . . . The amount of business to be done may not seem big now, but the country has the smallest

population now that it will *ever* have. Nothing is so sure as that the NORTH is due to go ahead, and that hundreds of millions of dollars worth of every conceivable type of product will be sold there in the course of the next decade, — and those goods may as well be marked 'Made in B. C.'

In considering B.C.'s BIG THREE, the Big Three which will take the lid off industrial and economic development in British Columbia — it is well to remember the following fact. — *If and when B.C. accomplishes any or all of the desired results outlined above, it can only be at the EXPENSE of Eastern Canada.* which is why Eastern Canada is so definitely opposed to us accomplishing any of these measures.

Today we live under a system of Capitalistic Democracy. It is the best system of government which man has yet devised. But it is also an age of competition — competition of the strongest kind within the legal limits set forth by the laws of the country. This competition starts as competition among workmen for the better jobs and runs the gamut from small businesses located on opposite corners, right through to Big Business with its fight for monopolies — and finally ends as competition between different parts of a country. In this fight for business, no quarter is given, and none is asked. Men are squeezed out of jobs —

continued to page 56

## Famous Bakery and Coffee Shop

A. Smallenberg and Sons, proprietors

'We Serve Only The BEST' - The Most MODERN Restaurant In Cariboo

FULL COURSE MEALS, LIGHT LUNCHEES — WE SPECIALIZE IN GRILLED STEAKS

-:- Ice Cream & Fountain Service — Cigars, Cigarettes & Tobaccos -:-

EVERYTHING in Baking. Quality Service. Our Baking is done under the most Sanitary Conditions, with the very Best of materials.

Phone 18

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

"THE ONLY WAY TO WIN THE DAY — IS TO KEEP SMILING"



# Behind The Scenes

## With the Editor

We had been working like mad for three weeks, getting the fall issue out before the deadline — It's a state all publishers get into, this madness wherein they dash madly around to no outwardly apparent purpose with a steely glint in their eyes shouting about M's and N's and 'impression', and 're-hashing' and 'slugs' and 'points' and 'screening', until they do everything but froth at the mouth. Then it was all over. The Fall issue was hot off the press — and magically there was nothing to worry about — except minor things.

The bindery department (a corner of the office) was working overtime trying to ship each hundred magazines to fifteen different places at once, with each mail bringing in orders faster than we could hope to fill them. And there were the usual letters coming in asking when in the devil so-and-so was going to get their magazine, and why hadn't they got it before, and just what the heck was the idea anyhow?

Everything was rosy. At times there would be neat little piles of magazines (25 to a stack) ready for wrapping and shipment to some dealer, when in would pop someone, (we seldom caught more than a fleeting glimpse of him) snatch up a bundle saying, "Thanks, I'll take these. Send me a bill." At other times we would load down 'Esmerelda' (the car) with bundles and dump them off at the post office where they were received with open arms (and pained expressions if it happened to be on a train day. On the way back we would be button-holed by some irate townsman and accused of anarchy, bolshevism, treason and what-have-you merely because we had presented our opinion (and a few facts) in our editorial. Back in the office the auditor, who had been busy for a week, had some equally pleasant news.

Arriving home one day along about this time my wife greeted me with a

great big kiss, a show of pleasant surprise ( I suspected Xmas though it was still a long way off) and the words, "Darling, I'm so glad you're back!" It was exactly how she always greets me when I come in from one of my trips.

"But I haven't been away," I replied, scratching my head. "Oh haven't you? All I've done for three weeks is put your food in front of you, (which I'm sure might just as well be sawdust seasoned with old engine oil - I'm sure you don't even taste it), and say 'hello' in the morning, and again at midnight when you get in. It's so nice to have you back. You are staying a while aren't you?" "Uh,huh," I replied.

We sat down to supper. I don't remember what it was, but it must have been good - my wife is an excellent cook. I was too busy trying to figure out how to get hold of sufficient paper to handle the increased demand without having to canvas all our neighbours for their old wrapping paper (amongst other things there's a shortage of paper - or did you know?)

"If you don't get your face out of the trough, I'll throw my plate at you," says my wife. So, dear readers if there are not enough of the next issue to go around, you know why. I never did finish figuring out that problem.

Next morning about ten A. M. the phone rang. I grabbed the receiver. "Coffee?" a voice inquired. "No, Cariboo Digest," I replied.

"I know," replied the voice, "How the devil do you think I found your number. But how about a cup of coffee?"

"Oh. Coffee." It finally dawned on me as I recognised 'Poppa' Wade's voice. Sure, Pop, sure." I don't get to see Poppa Wade very often. His office is across the street from ours, but my daily routine (when home) of going to work, the post-office, the cafe, and back home, doesn't include crossing the street at this point.

"Who's that fellow?" asks Pop, indicating a stranger crossing the street, as we head for the cafe.

"D arned if know," I reply. "Why?"

"Fine newspaperman *you* are," retorts Pop. — I had expected this. He's always ribbing me about how little I know of what's going on around the town in which I live and expects me to know the life history of every casual visitor in town. Over coffee, I did my best to persuade Pop to write an article. He'd told me once how he had come down the Fraser River 30 years ago from Tete Jaune Cache to Quesnel in a canoe, and he was well acquainted with the early days of Prince George and the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad.

It was no go, however. — It was hard to imagine old Pop wade, stout and bald, (as he is today) skimming the tops of the waves and the white water in the Prince George Canyon in a slender birch-bark canoe, but these old-timers have some surprising experiences to their credit . . . and maybe he wasn't so stout then.

In thinking over the exploits of these old-timers I always remember the story of H.J. (Jack) Gardner's memorable trip in 1902, wherein he trekked over 700 miles (from Barkerville to Manson Creek and back) on snowshoes over the old Blackwater Trail . . . Someday we'll publish that story.

I wasn't long back at the office when John A. Fraser dropped in to say 'hello', and that he was glad to see that I was back, and was I staying awhile? (It's getting bad — first my wife, and then John A.) John A. has been in business in Quesnel for 53 years, was a school teacher in Quesnel before that, and was Cariboo's Federal representative in 1916 which is when the P.G.E. was under construction — Because of this last fact, I'm in the habit of plying him with questions pertaining to the political situation at that time, seeing as how my memory is a little short (I was only three at the time)

This day was no exception. We found a secluded little corner which wasn't cluttered up with paper, type, magazines, cases, presses, benches or files — yes, we have such a corner — behind the linotype. There's a partly filled bag of cement there, but there

continued to page 48



## DEW DROP INN

FULLY LICENSED

Situated in the heart of  
Dawson Creek

40 Rms. Hot & Cold Water

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.



## J. D. McEACHERN

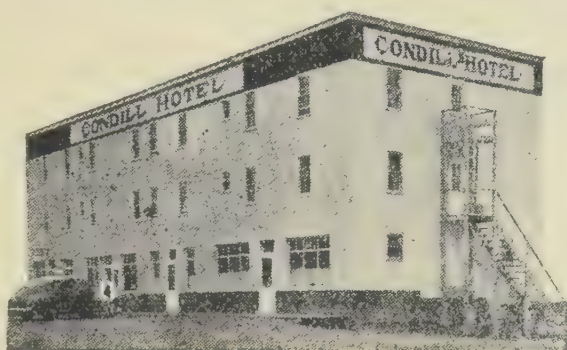
GARAGE SERVICE

McCormick-Deering Dealer - Dodge and Fargo Trucks

WESTINGHOUSE RADIOS, REFRIGERATORS & APPLIANCES  
"HART EMERSON" CLEANERS

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

*Your manners are always under examination, and by a committee little suspected, - a police in citizen's clothes - - but are awarding you or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it. Ralph Waldo Emerson*



## CONDILL HOTEL

FULLY LICENSED

FULLY MODERN

Lunch Counter

The leading hotel serving the northern airways  
Alaska Highway and the very large  
district of Fort St. John

MEMBER - A.A.A., A.M.A.,

FORT ST. JOHN, BRITISH COLUMBIA

## Jack PATTERSON'S

Community Stores

Featuring High-Class Men's Wear  
& Shoes—also better class  
Ladies' Shoes

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

## PEACE RIVER BLOCK BAKERY

"WE KEEP THE QUALITY UP"

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

## Renie Dhenin

- Class A Big Game Guide -  
Mountain Sheep - Caribou - Grizzly  
MOOSE - DEER

FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

## MITTON'S

REAL ESTATE

We invite your inquiries  
re our many listings  
of Farm Lands, Businesses  
and Homes

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

## Thompson Electric LIMITED

Refrigeration & Repairs  
Radio Service

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES  
COMPLETE ELECTRIC  
SERVICE

Electrical Contractors

*Authorized*  
**GENERAL ELECTRIC**  
HOME APPLIANCE DEALER

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.



## Behind the scenes -

continued from page 46

was room for us too.

An hour later, after we had thrashed out Canada's political problems, set the B.C. legislature to rights, completed the P.G.E. to the Peace (and shipped the first million tons of coal) instituted daily service on the C.N.R. line to Prince Rupert, built coal bunkers there and shipped a half million tons of Bulkley Valley coal to China and the world markets, paved the road through to Prince George and on to Prince Rupert and also to Jasper, and accomplished a few other minor improvements (all on paper of course — Victoria fashion), Mr. Fraser departed and I threw a few things together which I would require on a trip to the Peace River.

The next forenoon, after a 'Dagwood and Blondie' send-off wherein the entire family of one cat, one daughter (age 6) and my wife all lined up at the open door to bid me 'bon voyage', and to see that I hadn't ditched my rubbers. . . . I was bowling along just north of Quesnel by the airport when my wife's parting words finally registered. "Keep your nose clean," she had said.

"Silly remark," I thought. I twisted the rear-view mirror so I could see myself. — My nose *was* clean. I had even washed behind my ears. I always do when I leave on a trip. It makes for a better impression, they say.

At Cinema, 22 miles north of Quesnel, I was surprised to find that a new service station was going up just across the bridge on the right-hand side, and inquiry revealed that in due time there will also be a lodge there — fishing in Ahbau Creek is good two or three miles up from the bridge and hunting excellent — an ideal spot for such an undertaking.

At the foot of Twin Bridges hill, I stopped to say 'hello' to Mr. Monroe who operates a filling station and a sawmill there. Though there is very little cleared land in evidence from the top of the hill, the Alsike Cloverseed crop produced in this section of the Canyon Creek Valley this year

was worth better than \$10,000, he stated, and that plans are afoot which will double production in -47. . . . Clover seed is fast becoming the major crop of the Prince George district.

Dropping in on Fred Lockyer, who operates a little store at Hixon Creek, I learned that virtually the whole of Canyon Creek had been staked and that modern drag-line dredges will be put to work shortly. Which just goes to show you — in the Cariboo you're either raising bumper potato or clover seed crops, or if there doesn't happen to be enough soil for that, you can gouge out a bumper crop of gold. . . .

Arrived in Prince George only to hear that there was a teachers convention being held there, and after making the rounds of every hotel, and every excuse for a hotel except the Prince George, but to no avail, finally decided to rest my weary bones in the lobby of this last-mentioned establishment while pondering my next move, knowing it was useless to ask there.

I sat morosely watching a game of cribbage between a traveller and Margaret, the proprietor's wife who was in charge of the desk that evening. It wasn't very exciting — not even as exciting as a game of penny-anty poker. Even when the traveller blandly counted out a hand of 19 (which no doubt accounted for the fact that he was winning) it failed to arouse me. I was trying to pluck up courage to ask Margaret whether I might curl up in a corner of the lobby, or maybe the sample room, but hesitated to break in on the game.

"Margaret," I asked finally, "have you. . . have you. . . er. . . ah?"

"Yes, I have," she replied, divining my wishes, and giving me a long straightforward look. "I've been saving one of those corridor rooms for just some rascal like you — (nice to be so well known, I thought — someone without sense enough to phone and let us know they're coming," she finished. (Yes, *very* well known, I added to my thoughts)

Back in -48, Prince George was a boom town. The military barracks, big enough for ten thousand troops, were being built. The airport, Northern B. C.'s largest, was also being built. And

the town was overrun with army and airforce personnel. It was a madhouse, but from a businessman's point of view a kind of a *nice* madhouse, for business was booming, and they were pleased. — What is taking place today, however, is much better, and healthier. The army and airforce personnel have gone, but there is a building boom such as the town has not witnessed since it first sprang up along the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad tracks 80 years ago.

The Bank of Nova Scotia has moved in, Bryant Motors are building a large new garage diagonally across the corner from the Prince George Hotel, while across the street Prince George Motors is looking bright and cheery having recently had its face lifted. West-End Moors have added a large new stock room to their premises. New clothing and furniture stores, warehouses, a modern laundry and dry-cleaning plant, a cold-storage plant, plus a new modern \$25,000 library and scores of other establishments have all sprung into being during -46. Apart from the above dozens of private dwellings were built and there are scores under construction.

Over half a million dollars in building contracts were let during the year, and it is rumoured officially — ('rumoured officially' — sounds good, doesn't it? — but that's the way I heard it) that the Hudson's Bay Company have bought the corner now occupied by the hardware branch of the Northern Hardware and Furniture Co. (their furniture store is in another building). Most townspeople take this latter development as an excellent sign as to the future prosperity, arguing that such a big company would not be bothered 'coming in' un-

continued on page 58

## O'LEARY'S HOTEL

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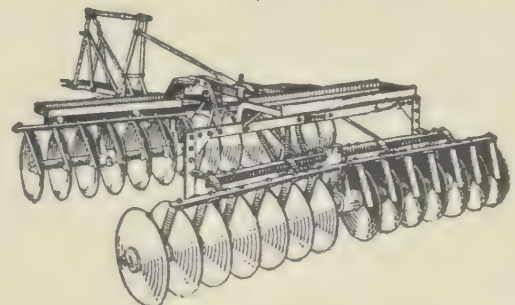
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# Verse « «

## HOME

Home is something more than  
Just a place to hang your hat;  
That word means something deeper,  
Yes, something more than that.

Home is part of all of us,  
It's imbedded in our looks—  
It's a satisfactory knowledge  
That you cannot learn in books.

It's those newly ruffled curtains  
That you tied back to the wall—  
It's a vase of wild flowers  
Where you placed them in the hall.

It's the smell of new-made coffee,  
Or a friendly cup of tea—  
It's more than just a place to eat,  
At least it is to me.

It's the sound of children's laughter  
Coming down the stairs—  
It's your baby's curly little head  
As she lisps to you her prayers.

It's Mother's love and tender care,  
We all need it, so it seems—  
It's a place of peace and refuge,  
It's in every person's dreams.

By Ivy Dianne Hunter.

## Lake Francois

A gleaming, silver ribbon,  
Carelessly unrolled  
Into the lap of the forest,  
Where trees stood tall and bold.

The trees drew back in wonder,  
Stood lined along the shore,  
And Lake Francois became their own  
To guard forever more.

When settlers came with axes  
To clear the brush away,  
They brought the virgin forest  
The dawn of a new day.

The moose and deer have lingered  
Though now a little shy;  
Tiny furred things play their games  
Under the same blue sky;

Ducks and geese and noisy loons  
Still make the lake their home;  
Char and rainbow live there too  
With no desire to roam.

Though man has come and has stayed,  
And brought with him the law,  
No hand but God's can ever dim  
The charm of Lake Francois.

by 'Peg' Deeder  
Francois Lake, B.C.

## Cariboo Night

The dipper wheels in the northern sky,  
And the stars are solemn and still;  
A screech-owl shatters the night with  
its cry,  
His voice sounds strange and shrill!

The jack-pines crack in the grip of  
the frost,  
Spangled snow lies deep all around;  
A coyote mourns like a soul that is  
lost,  
His cry has an eerie sound!

The river roars, a broad band of jet  
That obtrudes upon snow lustrous  
white;  
Each marching tree is a dark sil-  
houette  
Obscuring the lucent light.

Under the stars I walk alone  
In the brooding mystery,  
With the vastness and vigour of  
Cariboo Night  
Uplifting and heartening me.

— Averill Carlton  
Alexis Creek, B.C.

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SANDWICHES - SOFT DRINKS - TOBACCOS

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SPENCES BRIDGE, B. C.



## Definitions

**Adam:** The only wolf who couldn't use the opening gambit, "Excuse me, but haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

**Consideration.** What a woman shows when she shoots her husband with a bow and arrow because she doesn't want to wake the children.

**Adherent:** A follower who has not yet gotten all he expects.

**Brassiere:** An invention designed to make a mountain out of a mole hill, and vice versa.

— Ambrose Bierce

**Baby.** An alimenary canal with a loud voice at one end, and no responsibility at the other.

**Forger.** A man who makes a name for himself.

**Crook:** A business rival who has just left the room.

**Cynic:** A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Oscar Wilde

**Fishing:** An uninhabited body of water completely surrounded by liars in old clothes.

Oliver Herford

**Love:** One darn thing after another.

**Marriage:** Public confession of a strictly private intention.

Ian Hay

## A Letter

Dear Sir:

Your excellent fall issue came yesterday and I was entranced by the articles. I'll include at least two places, probably others too, when I go to B. C. next year — Tweedsmuir Park and Quanstrom's Lodge near Quesnel. Nobody could read your excellent publication and not desire to visit all the places described in it.

I saw my letter of course, apropos of my Canim Lake criticism. It may please you, as it does me, to know that Mrs. Francis E. Scott of 1517 Mission Road, Pasadena, California, is building a lodge on Canim Lake which will be a modern, up-to-date place in every respect. — Mrs. Scott was raised as a

Two pasengers were lolling in deck chairs on the *Queen Mary* and boasting to each other of their prowess as salesmen.

"I'm from Shenectady," said one, "and you may not believe it, but before we sailed, I sold General Electric

child on the river below Canim Lake where it flows into Mahood Lake, and attended grade school at Forest Grove and 100 Mile House.

Don't be too hard on the P. G. E. Railroad. At least the passenger trains have nice pleasant crews. Meals are good, (and cheap) and this in spite of bus and private automobile competition, and the peculiar location of its terminals. I hope that the road is extended to the Peace River and that Bella Coola gets its connecting link with Anahim and Williams Lake.

Joseph Patterson  
Los Angeles, Calif.

(Its O.K. for you brother, but *you* don't have to live with it. — but we agree, its not bad, what there is of it.

fifty thousand dollars worth of cardboard boxes."

"You call that selling?" deprecated the other. "That's nothing! I run a clothing store in Glen Falls. The day before we sailed, a woman came in to buy a suit to bury her husband in—and I sold her an extra pair of pants!"

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Firestone Tires & Tubes

EXPERT Vulcanising & Recapping Service

BURNS LAKE, B. C.



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MODERN COFFEE BAR  
and DINING ROOM

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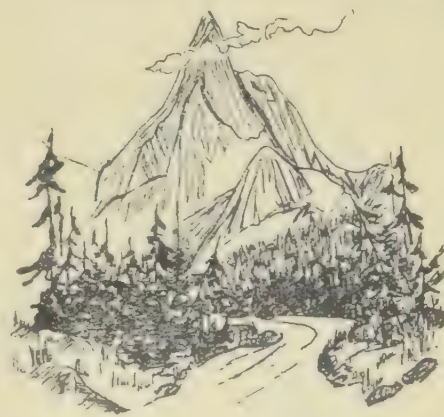
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For Hunting, Fishing and Unexcelled Scenery

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## Quality - Service - Low Prices

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COFFEE ROASTERS  
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THREE STORES  
AT YOUR  
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**Quesnel - Prince George & Williams Lake, B. C.**

### Williams Lake MEAT MARKET

**Choice Quality  
Meats**

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

### Hill Meat Market

LYNN L. HILL  
PROPRIETOR

QUESNEL and WELLS, B.C.

A northerner cornered a young man who had been courting his daughter. 'Set here,' he roared, 'you been a courtin' my daughter for two years now. Tell me, are your intentions honourable or dishonourable?' 'You mean I gotta choice?' asked the delighted swain.

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FUEL      SAWDUST  
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Cut to any length

— BEN PENNER —

Phone 48-R-2 (or write)  
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## Behind the scenes

continued from page 48

less the future was assured — Such is human nature — people can spend half a million dollars *building*, and the public is skeptical — then along comes *the rumour that someone else may be going to build* — and immediately they are assured. . . .

One A.M. found twenty-odd people, and your editor, sitting in the waiting room of the airport — the plane a mere 14 hours late. Most of us had long since passed the thumb-twiddling stage, and were now resignedly inspecting our buttons — it works in stages. — First you pace to and fro (feeling important — your time is worth something — at least you *think* it is) You consult your watch, the clock on the wall, the other fellow's watch. You ask questions. You check your tickets — Study the other passengers — Look at the sky — and then find a chair and sit down. (by this time you no longer feel so important — and you even begin to doubt whether your time is worth very much)

Later on come the thumb-twiddling and button inspection stages. if by that time you have not succumbed to slumber on one of the hard uncomfortable chairs with which all waiting rooms seem to be cursed.

Finally it came — the deep throated drone of twin engines, and the snoozers and button inspectors stirred to life. Two young women who had done nothing for two solid hours suddenly began applying lipstick with great care — perhaps they have designs on the pilot, I thought.

Ten minutes later the northbound passengers were in the air, and most of them, including the two young women, were settling down in preparation for an hour's sleep high above the Rockies (for the life of me I couldn't figure that one — why they put on fresh lipstick just to go to sleep — I still can't figure it — and my wife won't tell me)

Personally, I preferred to continue inspecting my buttons rather than allow myself to drift off on the fleecy wings of sleep with ten thousand feet of nothingness below and Gabriel so

close above.

The only other passenger who was not sleeping was a handsome young Irishman, a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, but he had a good reason. He was a beautiful specimen of manhood, and could tell he was Irish by the line of malarkey he was dishing out to the comely young stewardess — Only an Irishman can dish it out in such great big gobs and make it sound so plausible. He was sitting across from me, sideways in his seat so that he could look back at her in the seat behind him — and she? — well she was all ears and eyes for the handsome young devil, drinking it all in, and giving him the benefit of every doubt. You could easily tell she believed him because she *wanted* to. . . . I pretended to sleep . . . Far be it from me to hamper Dan Cupid. . . or an Irishman's style.

Almost the first person I met the following morning at Fort St. John was Otto Olsen. Many people in the Wells-Quesnel district will recall Otto as the lad who used to herd one of John Lazzarin's big six-wheeler oil trucks up and down the Wells road at terrific speed scaring everyone half to death. Otto went to the Peace River a year or two ago, and is now doing very well in a trucking business of his own.

Like almost everyone else, Otto was considering buying some land in the vicinity of Hudson Hope (proposed terminus of the P.G.E. — if it ever gets there). Land and real estate values in that area skyrocketed as soon as Mr. Hart made his announcement last spring. The high hopes have cooled somewhat since then however. — It is one thing to choose a terminus, and quite another thing to build a railroad to that terminus.

An interesting fact was disclosed during our conversation about the oil potentialities of the district. It seems that people have often wondered why there was but one species of fish, and at that, inedible, in nearby Charlie Lake (six miles from Fort St. John). According to Mr. Roche, who states that the information came from a visiting American engineer who investigated the lake, the reason is that

there is so much natural gas and oil escaping from below the lake into the water, and the water so polluted by it, that only this one species of fish can survive. . . . which is tough on the poor fish, but speaks well for the oil possibilities.

The town was enjoying a minor building boom, with three new garages and several homes being rushed to completion before the cold weather set in.

The Alaska Highway between Fort St. John and Dawson Creek was certainly not in as good condition as it had been during my visit in the spring. I heard reports that during the early fall rains trucks and cars were getting stuck in the middle of the highway — something which never happened winter or summer during the time that the Americans were in charge of maintenance. The highway is wide enough in most places for four cars or trucks to pass, and until recently was as smooth as most 'paved' roads. "Another year or two of Canadian maintenance," says Bert Foyle, well known Cariboo driver now working for Otto Olsen, "and they'll have it every bit as good as the Cariboo Road — by then they will have figured out how to put the washboard in too . . ."

Despite the Farmer's strike, which was in effect during my stay at Dawson Creek, everyone (but the farmers) was quite cheerful. No doubt the Pine Pass Highway had quite a bit to do with their good spirits.

At this end of the highway (under construction) it is now possible to drive over 120 miles southwest from Dawson Creek over a good highway. Thirty miles of this represents NEW construction, the remaining 90 is the old road to Commotion Creek — with its face lifted. The farmers adjoining the old (Commotion Creek) road are of course tickled with the improvements. Though the general public in the district appear to be cheerful over the new highway construction, it is a rather mercenary and second-hand cheerfulness, over the fact that approximately half of the \$6,000,000 cost of the project will be channeled through their town, and over the fact that

continued on page 55



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*The sun and the moon and the stars had they happened to be within the  
would have disappeared long ago--- reach of predatory human hands.*

- Havelock Ellis

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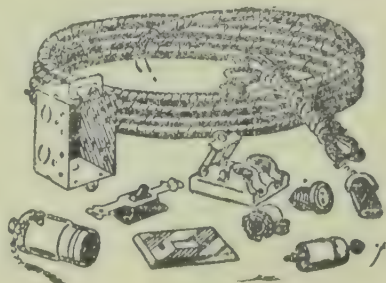
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GOODS

"YOU SHOULD BE  
IN THOMPSONS SHOES"

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

*Reforms begin in the hearts of the  
common people never in the legislature*



## Behind the scenes

continued from page 58

they will be able to drive 'down through B.C.' without going through Alberta. Asked whether they would not sooner have seen the 6 millions spent on completing the P.G.E. through to Prince George (with the knowledge that the Pacific rail outlet was that much nearer) and the answer was a unanimous 'YES', not from one, but from scores of people of whom I asked this question.

At lunch in the Hart Hotel in Pouce Coupe the following day, who should walk in but Mrs. Yalhonitsky (if it's too tough, just say 'Yoho', everyone else does). Yoho, is the district nurse of Cariboo and the Peace, and she certainly gets around — I had last seen her at Quesnel two weeks earlier and at that time she had been bound for Prince Rupert.

On the plane back, the following morning, Gordon Bryant, of Prince George was a fellow passenger. He had been 'hunting birds' up around Pouce Coupe for a few days. — That's next door to treason to the Cariboo, isn't it? — I told him so, but he only grinned, handed me his field glasses and asked if I would like to get a birds-eye view of Dawson Creek off to our left. It was a beautiful clear day, and I could see the town clearly. The peaks of the Rockies were capped with snow, and looked very majestic — and very uninviting. I was every bit as cheerful when we quit playing hide-and-seek with the airpockets over the mountains and Prince George hove in sight a scant 50 minutes after we had taken off.

A week later your editor was perched on an old engine crate in a corner of Ernie's Garage in Vanderhoof listening to fishing yarns about Stuart Lake, where you can catch rainbows up to 18-20 pounds. The one that got away was so big that — "Oh, shucks. You wouldn't believe it even if I told you," Ernie had said.

I objected to that, and told him I'd believe almost anything anyone told me if only they didn't give themselves away by blushing when they told it.

Ernie didn't blush — and it was so



big that, to put it into his own words, "IT ran out 200 yards of line (all I had) and then turned and charged the boat, and we spent the best part of an hour trying to keep out of its way — our boat's only twelve feet long and neither Joe (his son) nor I are very good swimmers....."

"Why didn't you cut him loose? I asked.

"Cut him loose? — Dang it, we did! — As soon as we saw how big he was. But we must'a riled 'im — propellor knicked him or somethin', and he was fightin' mad. — Took us an hour to get to the beach. He was smart and kept gettin' between us and the shore."

"Well?" I inquire skeptically. "What happened in the end?"

"We beached the boat. It was about 10 miles up from the 'Fort' and then hiked in along the beach — weren't takin' no more chances. Raised the best set of blisters on my feet you ever did see." and promptly offered to take his shoes off to prove it. . . This I could not take — even if he didn't blush — I believe Harold Cleland (proprietor of Quesnel's Cariboo Hotel) when he says that he throws back all trout under 7 pounds when fishing Stuart Lake — but this — Ernie must be one swell fisherman, even lies like one. . .

According to Ernie, the district had a very good tourist year, with scores of parties going up to the 'Fort' to fish, and coming back full of enthusiasm and plans for another visit.

As I was leaving for Fort St. James the following morning, an old gentleman asked if he might have a lift. He turned out to be George Hamilton, an old-timer of the district, and of Cariboo, well known to many Quesnel residents. It was he who built the river

steamer 'Chileo' on the banks of the Fraser at Quesnel 80 years ago. I took him to his cabin on the lakeshore, and he asked me in to quench my thirst with a glass of weak tea. (No, I'm not blushing — but I have listened to Ernie, and it kinda creeps up on a guy)

While sipping this glass of weak tea, I noticed a bust of a young boy about ten or twelve years of age on the sideboard, done in some black substance. And alongside the boy, was a modernistic white stallion, both rather well executed. I inquired about them and was surprised to hear that they were done by his eldest son. He showed me more of the boys work — water colours, oil paintings, and some small figures. One oil painting of Gerry North (accountant at Island Mountain Mine) I recognized instantly, though it had been done some years before. . . It is all amazingly well done. . . His son it seemed had always been one to whittle away carving this and that out of pieces of wood, and had always 'dabbled' with paints. . . What I saw (some of which we have reproduced herein) had been done without tuition of any sort. He is working for the Imperial Oil Company in Calgary, and saving his money so that he can some day go to Europe to study. . . I think we'll be hearing more about that young man. . .

Fort St. James is a lovely spot, and lays claim to being the second oldest settlement in B.C., having been established by the Hudson's Bay Co. in the year 1806.

Well, folks, there's a paper shortage you know. Maybe next time I'll tell you of a few things that I ran into on a trip through to Prince Rupert



## EDITORIAL

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small businesses are squeezed out by bigger businesses — and bigger businesses are squelched by corporations — which in turn are fighting the hidden influences of international monopolies and cartels. — In the case of Canada, the monopolies are virtually all controlled in the East. . . .

In view of this salient fact, it is beyond the powers of thousands of thinking people throughout the province to understand why Mr. Hart persists in running *BACK EAST* in his efforts to bring about the completion of the P.G.E.

Eastern Canada is *not* interested in developing B.C. except as a market for her goods, and has consistently battled every move British Columbia has made for development — witness the unequal freight rates, the opposition to a steel mill, and the fact that virtually every derogatory announcement in regard to the potentialities of the P.G.E. has as its originator some eastern 'expert'. . . . If more evidence is needed, witness the struggle Mr. Hart has had to undergo in order to get an equitable allotment in the recent Tax Squabble.

For the past two years Mr. Hart has been trying to pawn off the P.G.E. to the C.N.R. and the C.P.R. railroads, which doesn't speak very highly of Mr. Hart's faith in the future of B.C. — Let us suppose that he is successful — Let us suppose that he does sell the railroad which has cost the people of British Columbia \$121,000,000 to the Trans-Canada lines for a paltry 25 or 50 millions — what then? All that we (British Columbia) have managed to accomplish thereby is to give away the control of one of *The Big Three*, which means so much to our future development — and that at an irrevocable loss of many millions, for once sold, we have forsaken all opportunity of making up the deficit.

Again, selling the P.G.E. to the Trans-Continental is no guarantee of completion and if completed (by stipulation), is no guarantee that it will

be operated for the benefit of B.C. — The C.N. and the C.P. already own (jointly) a railroad which serves the Peace River. By virtue of this railroad, Eastern Canada is already exploiting Northern B.C., and with the two Trans-Canada lines controlled by, and dictated to, by eastern interests, it is hardly probable that the P.G.E. under their joint ownership would be operated to suit any interests except these in Eastern Canada. . . Witness again the east-west rail-freight-rate fight — According to news reports, Mr. Hart expressed the hope that during the coming hearing in regard to a general increase in railroad freight rates, that he might be able to bring about the equalization of the rates — but the published reply which came from the eastern officials squelched all hope of equalization in the near future by stating that the problem to be heard at the meeting of the Board was one of *increased rates* and that no other problems would be permitted to enter the discussion.

It is high time that B. C. realized that this is a competitive world in which we live, and that selling the P.G.E. to the Trans-Continental lines would be tantamount to *SELLING B.C. DOWN THE RIVER*. . . Not only would B.C. lose all hope of retrieving her lost millions, but what is more important, we would lose *all* claim to the right to demand that it be completed and operated for the benefit of British Columbians.

The P.G.E. *must* be completed. But it *must not* be handed over to the C. P.R. and the C.N.R. for such completion. . . Why? . . . Apart from anything stated above, there is another excellent reason — which is — that even *now*, at this early date, long before the first construction crews have appeared on the job, the sum total of Mr. Hart's negotiations appear to be that a 'partition', or 'division' of the spoils is already under way. . . .

Let me point out that in Mr. Hart's recent article, published in 'Construction World' (November issue), and entitled 'P.G.E. Extension Assured', he did NOT, in reviewing the potent-

tial tonnage to be hauled from the Peace River, give even slight mention to the quantity of GRAIN or LIVE-STOCK to be hauled, stating that the *initial* tonnages would be derived from coal (as yet undeveloped) and forest products (also very little developed) — The dictionary defines the meaning of the word 'initial' as *occurring at the beginning*.

What is to happen to the existing available tonnages of agricultural produce; of grain; of livestock? — It is the impression of most people that these products (being produced today) would constitute the 'initial' tonnages. — Yet Mr. Hart makes no mention of these — *though they are sufficient to keep the Northern Alberta Railroad on a daily schedule, — while the P.G.E. operates but three trains per week.*

Has it already been decided then, during all these 'negotiations' (held in Eastern Canada) that, like the old Negroe story, — "You take dat one, an' I'll take dis one. An' you tak' dat one, an' I'll hab dis one"?

It would seem so. And if it is so, it is a dangerous state of affairs, for it means the creation of monopolies by our very Government, which we always thought was 'agin' the rules' of good Democratic government

By all means let us have the P.G.E. completed to the Peace River, for it is the Biggest of the Big Three, but *LET'S BUILD- IT- OURSELVES*, without resorting to the 'we'll divide the spoils if you'll only help us' method, and thereby adhere to the principles of honest democratic competition, and so insure the future (and the non-control by eastern interests) of British Columbia.

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## Let The Wastelands Produce

continued from page 44

than it received. Today, hundreds of square miles of wasteland, which in the memory of living man supported large numbers of these valuable fur bearers are now completely stripped of that wealth.

We feel that this story — The right of the Wastelands to produce Revenue — is one which the entire province should be better acquainted with, for Trade and Commerce itself has a definite stake in those Wastelands.

The Registered Trapper is a generous spender; despite the somewhat harsh nature of his calling will spend freely of his money for those many goods and services which industry everywhere has to offer. The firm which is retailing furniture, radios, and other household goods has the right (and the duty!) to ask of the Government that any area of the province — no matter how large or how small — which is today unproductive, be put into production in order that a larger market be found for its products. We contend that watersheds, forests, and the mountains which comprise such a large part of the topography of the province, are contributing to the ever-increasing ravenous maw of trade but a fraction of those monies they might contribute, and we feel we have the right to ask Trade everywhere in the province to support us in our endeavours to pry open the eyes of the Government, and awaken it to the fact that the Fur Industry of the Province can, with but little drain upon the Provincial Exchequer, produce Five dollars for every one they are now producing. There is no doubt within our minds but what Trade can easily absorb those other Four dollars.

Where the shooting of Red Squirrel, Beaver and Muskrat (as well as fur producing animals in the coastal regions where pitlamping takes a disastrous toll of the fur-bearing wealth) is concerned, we believe that every Game Warden in the province would, were he asked to honestly state his

own beliefs, agree that the shooting of these fur-bearers should be halted and we believe that every Divisional Officer is of the same opinion. I personally would go a step further than this and say that one of the two Game Commissioners at least, deep within his heart, also would subscribe to this belief. I would not however, care to make any utterances as to why it is permitted, because that is a question best answered by the Commissioners themselves.

To date, the Registered Trappers of British Columbia submitting ballots have voiced their opinions in no uncertain terms (and after all — who is more entitled to claim knowledge of these matters?) but until a sufficient length of time has elapsed for all those ballots to be returned which will be returned, we must mark time and await the final outcome.

I would like to make one or two brief comments, Mr. Editor, concerning this Association and its ever growing membership. I believe that certain individuals in the Burns Lake district (perhaps in other portions of the province too) have voiced opinions concerning 'a bunch of white collar guys' (that's us!) trying to tell them how best to run their business. Our answer to that one is that our Association has *never* attempted to tell *any individual* how to run his business. On the contrary — the fact that it has gone to a great deal of trouble to circulate these ballots among the registered trappers is certainly sufficient evidence that we are only attempting to give the Trappers an opportunity *to tell the government* how they themselves would like their business to be administered. — and

*that is a chance which they never had in the entire history of the Raw Fur Trade!*

If a man making a living for himself and his family from a Registered Trapline — living twenty five miles from the nearest post-office, seventy from the nearest railroad, is a 'white collar guy', then I would tell my friend at Burns Lake, 'Yes. I am just that.' This goes for the vice-president of the Association as well as other executives, white collar guys or no — I would like to remind our critic at Burns Lake that we have guts and courage enough to stand up and endeavour to fight for a better deal for the Registered Trappers of British Columbia — which is more than any one else has ever attempted.

I would also like to point out that from no single source do I personally  
continued on page 65

*While in Hazelton Shop at the*

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PRINCE GEORGE, B. C.

## BIG GAME GUIDE

continued from page 43

"Oh, thanks old man," he says absently. "Don't mind if I do." Glug—glug .....

And for the next ten minutes all you can hear around that tree is glug! But me, I never let pleasure interfere with business, and even as I am taking my last glug I am thinking about these geese. About the time the lad was flushing them off the water. So casting a critical eye on what is left of the Scotch — half a bottle — I sneak back to my willow.

"Knoock — knoock — knoock!" The ganders are beginning to talk now so I guess the lad is breaking down for the lake. Yes, they've spotted him.

"Look out, Skittles — they're coming," I warn him.

"The cork!" he shrieks. "I lost the blithering cork."

"Grab your gun," I hiss. "Fifty of them — coming square over the top of the tree."

"But the cork," he wails. "I can't find the blinkin' cork! What'll I do?"

This, my friend, is when a good guide displays his wits and me, I'm one of the best. Quick, decisive decision, that's what the occasion calls for. Ah, I've got it! "Stick your thumb down the neck of the bottle until the geese get by!" I instruct him.

But he doesn't seem to hear me, but is prancing around like a guy who has set his buttocks on top of a red-hot stove. Suddenly he stops, takes a deathly grip on the neck of the bottle, and cries, "What a bally inspiration!" Glug-glug-glug! "Got the situation well in hand." Glug - glug - glug - GLUG! "Don't need the cork now!" And

I hear that melancholy dirge which only an empty bottle can make as it splinters against a rock. Twenty geese come abreast of the willow sixty feet from the ground. I throw Meat-in-the-Pot's snout into the air and whisper, "Talk kindly to 'em baby!" For the next five minutes they are coming over that willow in a steady stream and I throw ten-gauge shells into the gun with reckless abandon. Seems like it is hailing dead geese all around me.

What's that you are asking? How many did I knock down? Shucks, don't ask me—ask Mister Cunningham or Mister Butler (B.C. Game Commissioners). Six geese in one day, that's all they allow any man, and who am I to argue with them? How many geese did I get! Me, sitting behind that bush with a ten-gauge pump gun with murder in her eyes and someone else paying for the shells. Work it out by Fractions or by Simple Rule of three!

But over yonder in the other gully where I left the other lad—what's happening? Flock after flock sneaking out that way but devil a shot do I hear. Queer. Ten minutes later I understand. "Pon my soul," he ejaculates, "positively amazing! Forty of the blighters come right over my little hunting lodge in the bushes and I throw the gun to my shoulder and take accurate aim. Then d'you know what? Just as I am about to discharge the left barrel something hits me—wallop—full in the eye, temporally blinding my entire vision. Note the discoloration of my right eye?" Not exaggerating either, he's sure got a beautiful shiner!

Skittles makes a hasty examination of the injured eye. "Jove, old chap, maybe a thunderbolt!"

Thunderbolt my flattie! I say nothing, but look suspiciously at Meat-in-the-Pot and, Mister, I'll swear that dirty old hog winks at me! And from that day to this I never have been able to rightly figure how that ten-gauge managed to kick that cake of dried alkali

continued to page 66



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# CARIBOO HOTEL

Quesnel, B. C.

shore, and chose a spot just under the river bank and about 50 yards south of a gulch with a dry sandy creek bed and a canyon further inland. Put up my fly and laid my sleeping bag under it. Then gathered all the dry logs and other firewood I could find for the night. As the wood was wet I stripped off some birch bark for kindling. And made my fire at the foot of the sleeping bag. After supper I foolishly threw an empty sardine can toward the gulch. It was now dark but had stopped raining, and I sat a while before the fire to get warm then lay down at 8 o'clock. I got up later and rebuilt the fire and settled down to sleep for the night, with the cover right over my head. About two o'clock I was disturbed by some animal. The fire had gone completely out and it was pitch dark.

I certainly would have felt more comfortable with a rifle and flashlight. I shouted (get out), and some animal close by made a noise like a bark, but it was not like a dog or coyote. It answered my shout each time and did not go away. So I lit some birch bark as a flare, and started up the fire again. Thought it advisable to sit up the rest of the night and keep the fire going. So made some cocoa and chewed a biscuit to pass the time.

The river was roaring below like a railway train, and I was worrying as someone had told me the Cottonwood was worse than the Fraser Canyon. And I determined to take all precautions before entering it. Next morning I was away early, but before leaving I went to try and find out what had disturbed me during the night, and I found plenty. A moose had come right up to the camp and another had pawed up the sand in the creek. There were deer tracks and a pack of coyotes had been around. In the creek were the almost human and unmistakable tracks of a young grizzly bear. But it had probably seen my fire and did not approach the camp.

Rowing down river, I later stopped to look at what appeared to be the



entrance of a canyon, and climbed the cliffs to find a passage. There was some swift and rough water at the narrow entrance, 'büt the' passage was fairly straight and did not look dangerous. My boat passed through quite easily and I concluded this was the Cottonwood Canyon that I had been worrying about. And that Quesnel was not far off.

At three oclock that afternoon I sighted the bridge and knew my journey was over.



Fraser River above Quesnel

## CHINKS CAVE p16

place. 'Pappa doesn't know I have it. If he did, he would throw it in the river and then he would kill me. Come now,' she insisted. They retraced their steps to the cabin and entered. The girl busied herself with her chores. To Harry it seemed a pretense against the fact that they had something between them, should her father return.

'You like to know where I find these — these slugs?' queried the girl, knowing full well what the answer would be by the expression on Harry's face. She did not wait for a reply. 'You good man,' she continued. 'I hear you talk, I watch you.' And then after a short pause — 'I tell you.'

'Three summers past, Pappa and me go up this river. Him have trap line up there long, long way. Him trapline stop maybe one mile west of river. One day he go for two days on trapline. I stay in shack but not very much to do. I go over to big river to fish. I fish better below one big canyon and after I walk upstream. I see small shack near high bank and go look see. I walk around, see one time a garden, but shack all rotten. I push door open and walk in.'

She paused to see the effect her story was having — Harry was all ears and waiting.

'At first I no can see, dark — then I see bunk and bones from two men— Chinamen. One have long black hair roll' around his head,' she illustrated

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by waving her hand in a tight circle about the top of her head. 'Hair on other head come loose and down — maybe rats move it.

If Harry had been attentive before, he was doubly so now. The girl continued. 'Me no scared like other Indian, me look all over. I come out of cabin, shut door, and follow old old trail up hill. Trail go to big hole in hill. Rotten matting, like I see some Chinamen have, hang down in front of hole. I tear this down and go inside.'

'Rotten matting!' thought Harry — Visions of a tertiary channel floated before his eyes.

'Ver' dark inside', the girl went on. After I see better. I see on side of cave small shiny things. — I pick up. Not gravel - too heavy, an' too bright. Cave full with sand and rock 'that high' from falling down around cave all time', and she indicated about two feet in depth with her hand. I take these shiny things home but no tell Pappa.' Here she made a circular motion around her head to illustrate the father's superstition

"Next day, I take Pappa over to river and show him the skeletons. I never see Pappa like that before. He tell me 'bad spirits and not go there again'. Pappa, he get mad". She laughed as though she had spoken of the whim of a child. Then, very seriously, she said, "I tell you this, I no live much longer." She turned to cover a hoarse cough. . .

That was the little story Harry Bailie recalled. He re-read the letter in his hand, wherein the brother stated that he alone knew of the confidence which his dead sister had placed in Harry years ago.

So the old sourdough trapper, with renewed eagerness explored and selected the worthy goods of a general store, anxious to take the trail on an adventure that had lain dormant too long.

*Alas! the fearful UNBELIEF is unbelief in yourself.*

- Thomas Carlyle





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*In the heart of*

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*the Fraser Canyon*



## KITSELAS

continued from page 37

see if her heart is won:

If not, she'll be mine to-morrow ere  
the setting of the sun."

Quickly he wooed and won her, as  
she told him of her fear

Of the long, long winter travel and  
the snowshoe trails so drear.

"Take, please, take me far away,  
ere some ill shall come to pass,  
For the mother of Unguz is Dowit-  
sie, the witch of Kis-ga-Gas."

And Unguz looked black and angry,  
but his mother only said,

"Be still. It shall never happen  
that they shall ever wed.

To-morrow we leave for the salt-  
chuck to meet the salmon run,  
And the river is high and wild and  
wicked, and many things may be  
done."

In the morning the last good-byes  
were said and Stikine and Sik-a-  
nee

Took trail for the Omineca or the  
Tahltan illahie,

But the Kit-ex-shen must answer  
the lure of the salmon call,

And many canoes were leaving,  
with Tsintlet leading them all.

Janet travelled in Tsintlet's canoe,  
with Weoakus astern that day,  
And the rising flow of the river  
flood carried them on their way,  
Till night-fall found them camping  
at the eddy near the pass  
Where the half-mile-wide wild  
river converged to Kitselas.

Then the council drums were  
sounded and the chiefs expressed  
their views

That none should run the canyon,  
they would portage the canoes.

But Unguz sneered and muttered,  
"Let Weoakus lead the way

In his great canoe, and we'll follow,  
'twill save us one whole day."

And Weoakus then answered, "We  
are not afraid to try;

We have listened to the council and  
we know that dangers lie

In hidden rock and whirlpool, while  
the waters are so wild."

And he looked at his companions,

who nodded "yes," and smiled.

"We will make the trial at day-  
break, ere the flood begins to rise."

Then turning saw the "Sitkum"  
with the tear-drops in her eyes.

"Weo-a-kus, I am fearful, please  
make the portage too."

But he answered, "I have said it and  
I have to see it through."

That night, at darkest of the moon,  
the camp all wrapped in sleep,

Dowitsie, the Witch of Kisagas, so  
stealthily did creep,

With axe in hand, must carefully,  
with cunning stroke and true,

Notched the great stern sweep  
which steered the Tsim-si-an  
canoe.

Then early in the morning the  
tribes the canyon lined;

Dowitsie spoke to Janet in a voice  
that sounded kind,

"Come with me to the whirlpool,  
where the greatest danger lies.

If they pass the point in safety,  
there is no need for your sighs."

At the landing all was ready, but  
just before the start

Tsintlet, the cousin of Kaien, came  
with the speed of a dart:

"I will go in the bow with you, that  
it may not be said of men

That the Tsim-si-ans had shown a  
lead to the Chief of the Kit-ex-  
shen.

"Watch out for the crooked channel,  
and swing on the top of the swell

When we make the canyon entrance  
we enter the Gate of Hell."

And the crew just raised their voices  
in a song of joy and pride,

But the answering notes of the  
Death Song came from the canyon  
side.

The canyon safely entered when a  
sudden splintering crack,

And the raft, now sideways drifting,  
caused the bow man to look back.

The broken sweep now useless, the  
canoe was uncontrolled,

Met the next swell broadside,  
smashed against the wall and  
rolled.

Down below the whirlpool, Janet  
stood with bated breath

Till the cries from up the canyon

warned her of the threat of death.  
Then from the whirlpool vortex a  
head and arm appeared  
And We-oak-us grasped a juniper  
the rocky wall had reared.

And, white faced, Janet the Sitkum  
was making a rope from her  
clothes

When behind her the witch Do-  
witsie silently arose

With a great uplifted boulder, which  
she crashed on his drooping head,

And back in the swirling water he  
went to join his dead.

Then Janet said, "You wanted that  
I be strong and brave;

What matters it when you are gone  
and there are none to save?

But above all things you told me  
was to be always true.

I will, oh Kitselas!" she cried, "And  
now please take me too."

There lies a mid-stream islead near  
the head of Kitselas,

And there may be seen a totem-pole  
lying in the tall rank grass;

Though mouldy and rotten, the  
Bear of the Tsim-si-ans will show

With the Salmon of the Kit-ex-shen,  
and of the Raven of Kuldo.

Barney Mulvany.

The names and habitat of the  
Indian Tribes are as follows: Tsim-  
si-an, near Prince Rupert; Kit-ex-  
shen, Hazelton and upper Skeena;  
Sik-an-ee, from Bear Lake to the  
Tahltan; Kis-ga-gas, a river of that  
name draining Babine Lake into the  
Keena, and was one of the hiding  
places of Simon Gun-a-moot during  
his long term of outlawry.

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## Let The Wastelands Produce

continued from 57

receive a cent of remuneration for my share in this job. That at present, 800 No. 1 traps are hanging on the trees unset. It is impossible to handle a line of traps and each week answer dozens of letters which are reaching us from Registered Trappers — besides sorting and tabulating ballots etc. This work is *not* being done in an office — It is being done a good many miles from any other residence. I think that to date, every single letter which required an answer has been answered — and some of these letters are coming in from Indian members of the Association. — But those traps remain unset — unbaited. My friends at Burns Lake might ponder this fact for a moment or two. — *Those traps are MY LIVING.*

....As the ballots come in they contain a large number of subscriptions to Cariboo and Northern B. C. Digest and these are being forwarded to the publishers. I would like to draw to the attention of these many trappers enclosing such subscriptions that neither myself nor the Association is in any way directly associated with the Magazine beyond the fact that I occasionally supply it with a story or an article and that it is the Official organ of the Association.

Personally, however, I believe the entire Fur Industry is indebted to this magazine for the assistance (space in its columns) it has given this Association in its endeavours to draw these affairs more sharply to the attention of the province as a whole.

Membership in the Association is not covered however, by a subscription to the magazine, and I stress this point because some trappers fail to state exactly what their enclosed monies are for — in which case we give the *Digest* all benefit of the doubt. One or two ballots containing monies either for membership or subscription to the 'Digest' have failed to give names and address of the sender and we are holding such monies and would ask anyone who has submitted monies with their ballots and who do not re-

ceive a receipt, either from us or the 'Digest' within a reasonable period of time, to immediately contact this Association — address, Riske Creek, B. C.

In conclusion let me remind all trappers their NO, is as good as the other

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**GREYHOUND**

fellow's YES. For individuals in our circumstances, we have undertaken a major task where the ballots are concerned, but we are doing it in good faith. Would you please mark your ballots and send them in? Thank you.



## BIG GAME GUIDE

*continued from page 58*

mud three hundred yards over the ridge square into Mollie's left opticle. Barring this one little regrettable incident, it was a right fancy piece of goose work—if I do say so myself—and by the time we stagger back to camp with the birds we are badly in need of liquid fortification. I read the funeral rites over three empty bottles and when that unpleasant task is completed am in pretty fair shape for some right fancy lying. Lying, that's the word I used. Any good guide is a good liar and the bigger the liar the better the guide. You have to be or you'd get nowhere in the business. When Skittles asks how many shells do I usually average to the goose, I tell him four geese to one shell, and never bat an eye, cause its the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. When using my own ammunition I never shoot at a goose on the wing, on account of that's not my idea of fair play. To give the birds a break, I like to find ten or a dozen on one small pot-hole, sneak up within forty yards, then patiently wait for half of them to line up before sicking Meat-in-the-Pot after them. Remember once reading half a volume of Shakespeare just waiting for six geese to line up on a rotten log.

"Stalk the beggars, eh?" This sounds interesting." There is an excited gleam in Skittle's eyes and he goes on, "Nothing like a jolly old stalk. Did I ever tell you about the time I stalked that record Chamois up in the Austrian Alps?"

No, he never did, and I'm not interested, either. Chamois! We have pigs back in this neck of the woods harder to stalk than those critters! However, I promise to initiate him into the finer arts of goose stalking.

I spend an hour of my time reading "The Book" before hitting the hay. Always make a practice of having the volume in my hip picket when hunting because Mister Butler and Mister Cunningham, those two

gentlemen collaborated in writing it; Attorney General, he had something to do with it too, so you see I reckon any conscientious guide should carry a copy of the volume when he's out in the bush. "Game Laws and Regulations," that's its title, and there is some right interesting reading in it too. Me, I never go a-hunting without it, and whenever I jump a deer up on the mountain I always read "The Book" to see if its O.K. by Mister Butler and Mister Cunningham for me to take a crack at the critter. Trouble

is, by the time I find out if it is all right by these two gentlemen the deer is half way up the mountain and all I've got left is tracks, which explains in a nutshell why I am so tall and skinny and not given to packing any spare flesh. Pot roast deer track—that's a poor meal for a hungry guy to sit down to! But, still, Game Laws are Game Laws and should never be broken (Least not unless you know you can get away with it in sound, honest fashion).

Bright and early in the morning I show Skittles the tricks of this goose-stalking business. First thing is to find the geese, and this I rapidly do. Ten of them, preening their feathers in a bit of a pot-hole which has a good stand of slough grass around its edge. Idea of the whole business is to get within forty yards of the geese without being seen, and this operation calls for very great skill indeed, for a flock of geese out on the water are something like those little souvenirs I picked up in the Ketchum Rancherie the time I was hunting me a little local romance for that Best Seller I aim to write one of these fine Sunday mornings—they keep on the move all the time. (Yes, I sure was seeking romance that trip an, man, did I get a volume!) Sneaking up to a bunch of sitting geese requires considerable art, for at no time should the head be higher than the belly, and as the latter should be flush with the ground, the entire operation calls for much fortitude and suffering. I explain this highly important

piece of strategy to Skittles and we start for the geese. Right away I see I have trouble on my hands. "Keep it down out of sight," I whisper, "Keep it down!" "Pon my soul, my nose is dragging in the mud now," he remonstrates.

"Shucks, Mister, your head's all right—it's your backside I'm talking about!" And gently placing a hand on that portion of his anatomy, I force it down until it is flush with the ground. But, doggone it, directly I remove my hand—up she comes again! H--l, this won't do, because it is a very big backside indeed—one which any goose could spot at a range of two miles. I explain the predicament to him and, to give credit where credit is due, he tries very hard to keep the thing under control, but it just went' stay put. Suddenly I get one of those periodical brain waves which usually occur to me in times of acute emergency. Good thing I brought my hay wire and pliers along. Up here in this country a man can get anywhere if he puts his faith in hay wire. Know a man right here in the Chilcotin who built himself a herd of three thousand head of cattle out of hay wire, imagination and a good straight lass rope.

Gauging a couple of ten-pound boulders loose from the mud, I hang one on either end of the wire and drape the combination over his rear end. This does the trick perfectly. "How's that?" I ask with pride. "Ingenious — devilishly ingenious," he acknowledges. "Geese cant' see it now!"

Well, sir, we sure came close to getting a mess of geese that day

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HOUSTON, B. C.



and had it not been for that stretch of bog—. Me, I am in front, and when I hit this piece of muskeg I size it up, spread the palms of my hands and drag by belly across in good style. Another thirty yards and the geese—. Whoosh! We're mighty close—. Whoosh! I take a look at Meat-in-the-Pot to make sure—. Whoosh-whoosh! A cry of desperate alarm from Skittle-brittle suddenly upsets the whole confounded apple cart. "I'm going down—" Whoosh-whoosh! "My God, I'm bogging!"

It's the rocks, the gosh-durned rocks! Worked fine until he tried to cross the muskeg, but here the law of gravity exerted itself and those rocks straddling his backside just naturally took him down.

"Extricate me," he begs, "I'm bogging!" An under estimate of the case if ever I did hear one. Bogging—he's bogged. Ah, well, no business in being in this racket if you let petty incidents like that annoy you. The geese have gone, anyway, so I get me a couple of pry poles and hoist him out of the mud.

That was sure a big buck Mollie shoots himself and, if I do say so myself, one of the niftiest pieces of guiding I ever pulled off. We are strolling aimlessly along the wagon road half a mile from camp when I spy the big fellow's horns and I don't rightly know who got the biggest surprise, me or the buck, 'cause I certainly did not expect to meet a buck in this spot. But I whisper, "Take him, Mister," and he drills the buck just back of the shoulder. As I slice the critter's gullet, I remark casually, "Sort of figured we'd find him—right in this very spot."

He ogles me in mingled admiration and amazement. "Postively astonishing! How ever do you do it, old man?"

"That's nothing," I reply modestly. "How do the salmon know where they were spawned? Why do the geese go south in the winter? Nature—that's the answer. This sort of stuff just comes naturally to a feller like me."

Of course, when we take the glad tidings back to camp, Skittles insists I immediately take him out so he can bag himself "one of these fine stags." But by the time we get through celebrating this one, he is in no fit shape to distinguish betwixt a four-point buck and a muley heifer, so I pull his boots off and tuck him in the sleeping bag.

Next day I suggest we investigate a patch of water into which the mallards flight at night on account of a good flight shoot is essential to any successful hunt. That is O.K. by them, because neither of 'em cares two whoops what they're shooting at providing they are blasting away at something. So we hit this lake at sundown and I show them the best spot in which to be when the birds begin to flight. I have packed a couple of hundred rounds of twelve-gauge down and do not figure on racking any of it back again. Flight shooting is like that. When the ducks start moving into the water they are travelling and unless you are equipped with radar, one bird to twenty shells is a pretty fair average. Past experience has taught me that at this particular pot-hole the ducks always flight in from the south; which explains in detail why I take Meat-in-the-Pot and cache myself at the north end. For when the ducks are coming in from the south, their wings are set and no matter how much anti-aircraft fire you throw up at them, they are coming so blamed fast they cannot check themselves and change their line of flight. They hit the water, shake their feathers, let out with a few quacks and take to the air again—right out the north end. Only now they are climbing instead of dropping and

a fellow sitting there with a ten-gauge pump—someone else paying for the shells—. Around sundown they start to come and I brace myself for the worst. Over at the south end the soft hush of evening is made hideous with the sudden crash of explosives. I strain my eyes to see how many ducks are falling, but half a dozen No. 5 pellets bounce off my nose, so I quit this foolishment and devote myself to the business on hand. Four greenheads and a lone teal

desperately winging for elevation—Meat-in-the-Pot spits twice at 'em—the teal gets by. Another flock of mallards, thirty feet from the ground, and I don't bother to aim this time. Just point her snout in their general direction and keep working the pump. Ducks hitting the sod all over the meadow! My Gawd! What a din those lads are kicking up over at the other end—sixty or seventy rounds already, and the flight is just beginning. Hope they aren't breaking the Game Laws. Maybe I'd better remind them—. So, making a megaphone out of my hands, I shout, "Hi, you over yonder! It sure burns Mister Butler and Mister Cunningham up if a fellow gets more than twelve duck in one day. Says right here in the Book—page "Any person or persons taking

continued on page 97

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THEATRE***Your continued patronage*  
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ONLY THE BEST FILMS  
Every Weekday EveningCARLSONIA THEATRE CO.  
Fort St. John, B. C.**MODERN Christmas Carol***continued from page 33*

Years ago I used to remember. I thought them important. But now....? he shrugged under his burden. 'Tis not the name one is *born* with that matters, but the name one has *earned* by his deeds before *dying* that counts, — and he is not dead *yet*.'

Relentlessly, so slow yet so fast, the chained figure bore down on the man in the chair as the echo of his words died away. The greenish glow emanating from his sagging frame illuminated with a sickly tinge the pale features of the man as he sat wide-eyed against the dark background, eyes riveted to the plodding shackled feet.

With each struggling step the man shrank further into his chair, unable to tear his eyes away; hypnotized and motionless save for his slowly bending head as his gaze remained fixed on the shackled feet approaching the chair. Finally they came to a stop not a foot away from his own. He stared at the luminous shackled boots, and tried to hide his own patent leather slippered feet under the chair, while his mind kept running over the phrase '...not dead yet — not dead *yet*.' — And then, conscious suddenly of the grim figure towering above him, he drew back quickly into the protective depths of the deep chair, cowering, and vainly trying to steel himself for what he thought was going to follow; the accusation! The withered arm upraised. The boney, pointing finger... The blood pounded through his veins.

But it didn't come. The figure ignored the abjectly huddled man before him and turning to his companion said wearily. 'No, my friend — he has no name yet. — A man must work an entire life to build a name, a *good* name, or even a bad one. This,' he indicated the man in the chair, 'this *thing* has no name — He was born — He lives — But not till his bones lie rotting, as do my own, will his name be complete, irrevocably, as my own, and then he will be another 'Scrooge' or 'Marley', a synonym of greed or

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DAWSON CREEK, B. C.



of Charity.....'

So saying, he beckoned to his companion who's restless pacing had carried him to the far side of the chair. 'Come,' he sighed wearily, 'we must go now. He has seen, and heard,— and there are others yet.'

As he turned to go his eyes sought those of the man in the chair. For an instant their gaze met. The cold grey eyes of the apparition penetrated inhumanly into the man's brain, probing his very soul; leaving him gasping and naked, stripped of all pretense. Shuddering violently, he covered his face with his hands smothering a startled cry as the stocky figure brushed by his legs in hurrying to the side of his companion — the contact was the same as though a blast of icy wind had suddenly been directed at his legs.

When he finally plucked up courage to look up his visitors had vanished, though he was dimly aware of rattling chains and receding footsteps somewhere in the distance. The man strained to hear, — to hear the final footstep, the final rattle of chains, and through the open door from some distant corridor there floated back the question, 'But tell me, what will his name be when.....' the voice faded, and try as he might the answer escaped his benumbed senses as the last murmur, the last faint rattle died away leaving him in a profound and horrible silence.— Silence, and the

cold blue moonlight streaming in through the windows..

He was awakened by an insistent tugging at his shoulder. The dim morning light jarred his senses. Conscious suddenly of the figure bending over his chair, he started nervously, when the familiar voice of his servant relieved his quick apprehension.

'Excuse me sir, but you must have fallen asleep here last night, and I thought you would wish to be aroused,' stated the butler, stepping back a pace.

After the first surprised shock, the man, looking worn and haggard in the morning light, relaxed slightly and began to slowly scan the room. Ignoring the butler, he pivoted and his gaze grimly travelled the length and breadth of the study, searching — searching — for a clue to what had happened. He glanced at the ceiling. Not that he expected to find anything there, but he overlooked nothing. Eventually his gaze came to rest on the rug beside the chair. He stared coldly at the neat, well shod feet of his servant resting there — almost in the exact spot where those other feet had stood, and quickly turned away, his

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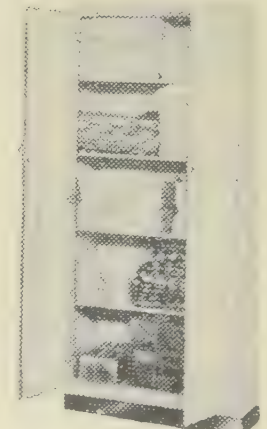
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**Williams Lake, B. C.**

## Mining Takes Upswing

fully in the Quesnel district.

A novel experiment in the placer field is in progress on the Fraser River just north of Lytton. Here a drag-line with recovery plant mounted on skids is being operated on a bar estimated to contain 6 million yards of available gravel averaging 25 cents per yard. The operators, however are more interested in the residual black sand after the gold has supposedly been extracted, than in the value of the gold saved from each cubic yard passed through their recovery plant, which makes use of both the Pan-American and the Peterson type of jig — which are said to be the most efficient gold-saving devices ever made.

After passing through this (most efficient) recovery plant, the black sand is said to assay from \$150.00 to \$200.00 per ton in gold and platinum, with platinum forming one-third of the value. The experiments now being conducted are to determine what percentage of each cubic yard of gravel is black sand. Tests undertaken be-

tween Lillooet and Lytton have so far shown that there is anywhere from six to twenty pounds of black sand per cubic yard. It is the belief of the operators, from tests made to date, that for every dollar recovered by ordinary placer-mining gold saving devices, two or more dollars is washed out of the end of the sluice box in the form of gold and platinum of microscopically small proportion; such gold being much too fine to save by any mechanical means. Should further tests bear out their belief, they plan to construct a recovery plant which will save not only the visible gold but all the black sand along with the gold; such black sand to be shipped to a U. S. refinery, thus stepping up recovery by as much as 200 percent for each yard of ground handled. The results of these experiments may bring on a new era in fine-gold placer mining on the Fraser River.

In Bridge River both of the old producers, Pidneer and Bralorne, have begun grinding out ore on an ever increasing scale as the miners flock back. Don Matheson, manager of Bralorne, predicts big things throughout the 'valley' for '47. If sufficient manpower becomes available, development work will be continued on Bralorne's Yalakom property, while dozens of properties throughout the district, including the Grant White claims, which have been taken over by Olympic Gold Mines, (and which have shown excellent assays) are due for a thorough prospecting following the spring thaw.

All in all '47 promises much, and by the end of next year production of precious metals in Northern B. C. will show a marked increase.

## Maynard G. Kerr

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Smithers, British Columbia



## Attention Cariboo Farmers

To The Farmers of Cariboo

To those of you who live off the main highway; and are served by a typical Cariboo Sideroad; who wonder where the snowplows are in winter, and where the graders are in summer; who wonder how long you will have to bounce over roots and ruts — who wonder if anyone but *you* even know that there is supposed to be a road there — to Nazko, to Beavermouth, to Chilco Lake, to Redstone and Anahim and, to Canim Lake, Horse Lake, Dog Creek, and . . . . . Never fear! Your M. L. A. knows.

Following a jouncing trip on a sideroad in the vicinity of Burns Lake (where he has recently been spending a few days) he was heard remarking to the mayor of that town, 'Gad! What a trip! What a road! — Why down where I come from we build ROADS for our farmers.' — — We just thought you'd like to know that you have roads, whether you think so or not.

## Not Dumb!

The girl, fresh from the outlands of Cariboo was working for the first time in one of Quesnel's better known business establishments.

The phone rang and the girl answered it.

'It sure is,' she said into the mouthpiece and hung up.

Shortly, the phone rang again, and again the girl answered it.

'It sure is,' she said and hung up, and turned away laughing.

'What's going on?' asked the proprietor.

'I dunno,' said the girl, 'some silly person phoned twice now and said 'long distance from Vancouver' — as if I didn't know!'

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## WELMORE CAFE



(under new management)

The Home of Good Cooking

NEWLY REDECORATED — WHERE DINING IS A PLEASURE

WELLS, B.C.



## MODERN Christmas Carol

continued from page 69

eyes finally coming to rest on the cheerful fire crackling in the grate.

'Tell me Jason,' he demanded suddenly, 'Did you light that fire this morning?'

'Why — yes. It was out when I arrived sir.'

He frowned at the flames, tapping his fingers nervously on the arm of his chair. At length, passing a weary hand over his forehead, he addressed the butler. 'Bring me a drink Jason,' he sighed, 'A hot one.'

He rose stiffly from the chair and began pacing to and fro before the hearth, his arms clamped behind his back, his head bowed, thinking — wondering—. 'A dream?—God! If he could only be sure! — But even at that, it *could* have been, despite the fire.....' He studied the flames. 'A coincidence? He'd very much like to believe so. — But he didn't *know*. He couldn't be sure. — Dam the fire! If *only* it had burned all night, he would know then that it had all been a dream — and dreams were nothing to worry about.'

He turned and again surveyed the room, knowing as he did so that it was futile; that he would find no *proof* — nothing. He stared at the chair he had occupied during the night and vividly recalled the horrible scene and his own cringing part in it. He pictured himself in the chair and how he must have looked. 'Dam it all!' He wheeled about and resumed his pacing. 'A dream couldn't be so — so *real*..... It wouldn't leave him so un-nerved.' — He strode nervously up and down, up and down, impotently clasp and unclasp his hands as it finally dawned on him that he would never know, never be sure.....

Upon returning the butler found his master seated at a small writing desk by the window, gazing outside thoughtfully at the gently falling snow. The dim winter light was reflected softly from the highly polished surface of the desk where a cheque awaited his signature. He sat absorbed and motionless for several minutes, and the servant, following his intent gaze, saw a tiny snowbird bouncing cheerfully from limb to limb of the barren old elm tree which stood outside the window. — Pausing for a moment, the bird looked directly at the window where the two faces were upturned, then with a quick flutter of wings took off and disappeared in the falling snow.

For some moments the two figures silhouetted against the window continued to watch, but the bird did

continued on page 96

## LIKELY General Store

(C.J. Zirnelt, prop.)

HUNTING and FISHING  
SUPPLIES

LIKELY, B. C.

## PERKINS BROTHERS

GENERAL MERCHANTS

General Freighting — B.A. Gas  
Post Office

BUFFALO CREEK, B.C.



## Trail to Klondyke

continued from page 28

stores owned by the Hudson's Bay Company. There are only about ten white people there, but it is a trading point for 1500 Indians.

"Are there any troublesome crossings on the route from Hazelton to Ashcroft?" (this from an interviewer)

"Bear River, near Hazelton, 60 feet wide, and cannot be forded nor swum at high water. It is usually low enough to ford, but always very swift. We had no trouble crossing it."

"Is there any down timber?"

"None at all between Ashcroft and Hazelton. It has all been cut out."

"What about the trail from Hazelton to Telegraph Creek?" he was asked.

"I conversed with a large number of men who have gone over it for the past fifteen years, and who will take cattle over it the coming season. They report it open, with good grazing, plenty of water, and but one bad crossing — the south fork of the Stikine, which has to be crossed twice. They cross their outfits on rafts and swim their stock."

The route from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake is beyond question. There is a good trail, the Canadian Govern-

ment is converting it into a wagon road, and reports from there state that the work is nearly completed. From Teslin Lake to Dawson City the Hootalinqua, the Lewis, and the Yukon Rivers afford an unbroken water course, down which boats may float with ease and safety. This is the same as the Stikine River route once you leave Telegraph Creek.

Men incapable of overcoming the slight obstacles to be encountered on this route ought to keep out of the Klondyke country. Gold-seekers taking the coast routes will find them harder more expensive, more dangerous, and lacking the opportunities presented along this route, which traverses a gold country for the entire distance.

### GOLD PAN CAFE

Bertha Stickney

"House of Good Steaks  
and Eats"

GOLDBRIDGE, B.C.

An excited woman broke into Mrs. Schnizbein's bedroom.

"Your son," she shrieked, "your son."

"What about my son?" asked Mrs. Schnizbein.

"The children were playing a game to see who could lean farthest out of the upstairs window and your son won."

\* \* \*

R. F. Corless Jr.



## RIVER FREIGHT

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in*

NORTHERN B. C.

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

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Bralorne, B.C.



## Mule Deer Hunt

*continued from page 27*

a sigh of relief, relaxed momentarily, then rolled out of the blankets—to the tune of pots and pans rattling in the kitchen. Mrs. Campbell was already on the job.

When we had downed a breakfast fit for a president, we climbed into our clothes, picked up our rifles and headed for the outdoors, ready to go into action at a moment's notice. Mr. Campbell, who was our guide and host for the day, led us forth to the hunt, promising to show us moose and deer tracks in abundance. We were not disappointed. A new fall of snow on the ground, having fallen during the night, gave promise that a good hunt was ahead. But the trails were hard to travel; the snow was deep; and we did not have snowshoes. This fact, however, did not dampen our ardor. We plodded through six to eight inches of snow until we arrived on the Ness Lake Road. Then we hiked down the road until we came to an old trail that led to an abandoned homestead. Here we noticed fox and coyote tracks along the trail and on both sides of it. Suddenly, we were brought up short; the tracks of a huge buck deer and his consort stopped us dead on the trail.

"A big buck made those tracks,"

said Mr. Campbell, peering into the forest growth. "I'd like to follow him, but we might have a chase on our hands. I think we'll keep to the trail until we reach a small lake that I have in mind, just beyond the old homestead; in fact, the old buildings face out over the lake. We'll begin our hunt at the lake." We did.

"You take the left hand side of the lake," said George Campbell, as he directed Arthur Lundquist around the lake, "and we'll take the right hand side. We can meet at the bottom of those small tree-covered hills at the far end of the lake." We did. Arthur Lundquist went one way and we went the other, but we did not meet as pre-arranged. When Arthur Lundquist turned the first bend of a deer trail that he was following, shutting off our sight of him, we did not see him until the end of the hunt, hours later. You see, as George Campbell and I made tracks in the opposite direction, planning to contact him at the far end of the lake, our plans did not materialize. Two moose, a cow and a bull, and a buck deer led us all astray.

George Campbell and I had not long left Arthur Lundquist before we came upon moose tracks—fresh tracks of a cow and a bull in the snow of winter. The cow was leading, which is often the case. The bull will hang back and let the

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cow go ahead if danger is near. At least, we have seen this action take place on more than one hunt. And we judged the bull to be a three or four-year-old, in prime condition. Immediately, we began to trail our prize, stalking carefully through the bush. We cut corners. When the bull and his mate zigged, we zagged. We crawled through willow and alder swamps, knocking snow down the back of our necks and cooling ourselves off considerably. But we slogged onward; we were not to be outdone by a bull moose and his companion. Let the snow fall down our necks; let the going be hard; let the trail be long; why should we worry? In the forest ahead of us was a bull moose, monarch of the Northland. And we were on his trail. We kept going onward. Then we broke into a natural clearing. Here we saw fox tracks in numbers and coyote tracks, too. But our moose were nowhere in sight. They had crossed the clearing and were now in the forest on the other side. The bull moose was giving us a merry chase, and we had also swung off the proposed line of march, hunting in a wide circle from the far end of the lake. We had left our hunting companion in the wilderness in strange country, without a compass or a guide, but we were consoled with the thought that he is not a novice or greenhorn where the wilderness is concerned. We felt that he would eventually get out. He did. But I must not get ahead of my story. Too many important events took place before we saw Arthur Lundquist again.

When we again took up the trail of our (?) moose, we discovered that the bull had stopped on the edge of the forest and had looked back over the way he had come. We saw where he had stood. Also, we noticed that both bull and cow had commenced to run. The bull moose had evidently sighted or scented us and given the alarm. Wolves or other hunters had made them wary and elusive, causing the moose to keep looking back upon

their trail. We, however, were not daunted; we took up the chase again and followed their trail through a thick stand of spruce and balsam trees. Soon the bull and the cow were walking again; they did not run far. But we were not finding our progress easy as we ploughed through snow on the trail which the moose had gone through in comparative comfort compared to our predicament. As we clambered over windfalls and around wind-made stumps where trees had been blown down, we decided that our game could pick better country for travelling through as far as we were concerned. But we eventually burst forth from the almost-impregnable forest, and we entered another natural meadow where a partially frozen stream was trying to flow beneath the ice. Here the moose had paused to drink. The ice had broken beneath their weight, giving them access to the ice-cold water. But they had not lingered long. We were not able to sight our game, not to mention shooting.

"Looks like they have gone this time," said Mr. Campbell, as he stood looking across the meadow where the moose had vanished into the timber on the far side. "We could continue to trail them; but they are wary now and I am afraid that we won't get a shot at those

*Continued on next page*

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## MULE DEER HUNT IN THE CARIBOO

*continued from page 75*

moose." We didn't. But we continued to follow the tracks, as the moose were going toward a road that we had in mind—a road not much better than a trail. Even moose tracks are intriguing to the hunter, but moose tracks make poor steaks, according to Sandy Solmonson, who could not be with us on this trip because duty was calling. Eventually, however, we came out upon the road, and we hiked down it in the direction of a deer run that George Campbell had mentioned.

"We could try to bag a deer," said Mr. Campbell, as he examined a fresh coyote track. Coyote and red fox tracks were plentiful in this section of the woods. We were, however, hunting over a registered trapline. (One may hunt game over a registered trapline but not trap.) "But I don't see deer sign as yet," he continued, as his trapper's eye explored each detail of the coyote tracks. "We might," he added, "hunt this side of the road, where we might run into a deer. The outlook is fairly good. What say?"

"Suits me. I'd be happy to take home a nice mule deer. Moose are too big and too cumbersome to take out of the bush," I replied, with a "sour grapes" tone in my voice. "Let's go!" We did. But the territory which we covered

didn't yield a single fresh deer track. The deer were not in that particular locality at the time. We did, however, see red fox sign and more coyote sign. We flushed a grouse that had been feeding at a cranberry patch. We sampled the cranberries and found that the berries were frozen but in good condition for this time of the year. Then we came upon a lynx track, and numerous squirrels barked at us as we plodded through the snow of winter.

"Might as well head out of here," said George Campbell. "I don't think we'll find a buck deer in this part of the woods today." Having expressed himself with conviction, I contentedly followed his advice as we headed out of the woods. But we were destined, through our own fault, to become lost before we arrived back on the road. (I am sure that my readers will understand that there are miles of virgin wilderness on each side of some of our B.C. roads, especially in the Northland.) After one hour or more we discovered that we were not going in the right direction. In fact, we came upon our tracks twice, making two complete circles for exercise, as Mr. Campbell suggested. But my legs were feeling that they had had sufficient exercise for one day—at least, before lunch. But we kept plodding onward through the snow, hoping against hope.

"Looks like we're tangled up," said George Campbell. "If we need a meal before we get out of here, we could eat cranberries. But I'd like more substantial grub than cranberries at the present time. Perhaps lunch is ready at home."

"We could eat squirrel for lunch and have cranberries for desert," I suggested. "We have matches and wood; hands were made before knives and forks—what more do we need?"

"An easy-chair would fill the bill," replied Mr. Campbell. "But I think we'll get out of here before long. How are your legs feeling?"

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"I think they are yet with me," I answered. "But I'd sure like to rest them under a table, although my stomach feels it has had rest enough. Boy, I could eat a whole moose!" When our position was looking disconcerting and nerve-racking, we, however, stumbled out of the bush and on to the road. Then we heard a shot. We waited. But there was no repetition.

"Could have been your back tire," suggested Mr. Campbell, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Anyway, we will have an excuse to see if lunch is ready. We are about two miles from home, and by the time we get there we'll be more than hungry—we'll be ravenous." We were. And we discovered that Arthur Lundquist was yet in the bush. He had not shown up.

"He's lost," I said, looking out the window and noticing that snow was falling once again. "I'll guarantee that he is yet at the far end of the lake, wandering around in the bush like we were doing today."

"If he's lost," said George Campbell, "we'll let him get out himself. He is a good woodsman and capable in the bush. I have realized that one can get further by waiting for a man to find his own way out—like we did. If we were to hunt for him, we'd cover a lot of territory and get nowhere. Our stomachs are empty, too. One cannot go far on an empty stomach. If he were a greenhorn, however, circumstances would be different. We'd hunt for him without further delay." His is good advice, I thought to myself as we attacked our lunch while we rested our weary limbs beneath the table. Boy! Oh boy! One surely appreciates a dish of grub after a forenoon in the bush!

"Here's a team of horses and a sleigh coming," said Mrs. Campbell, looking out the window while we were lounging in our chairs after lunch, "and I believe Mr. Lundquist is in the sleigh; a neighbor who lives north of here is bringing him. He's shot a buck deer, too! Yes.

he's got a lovely mule deer! Look!" Sure enough, he had killed a lovely buck deer, as fat as butter and in splendid shape for this time of year.

"I thought I heard a shot," I said to Arthur Lundquist as he came into the house. "We had just stumbled out of the bush and on to the road when a shot was fired."

"Right!" replied Arthur Lundquist. "I came upon the buck and a doe. He was standing broadside to me. I fired once. He went down to stay. And I almost bagged a moose, too. I came to within fifty feet of a bull moose that I was trailing. But the bush was so thick, I could not see him. I caught a fleeting glimpse of his hind parts as he made off through the woods."

"You sure shot a nice mule deer," I said, making a dive for the camera. He had. And the tiredness seemed to ooze out of our limbs as we roped the buck to the car and prepared for our trip to town. Then we took pictures of our game. And we bade our hosts farewell.

"I'm sure glad we were lost today," said Mr. Campbell, as he was bidding us a safe trip to town. "But I am especially glad that a fellow by the name of Arthur Lundquist was lost in the bush. He sure came out with a lovely mule deer! Come back again and we'll get the moose which gave us the slip today—at least, we'll try to nail them."

"Sure," we replied. "This trip was an eventful one, and this time we are also happy to have become

*Continued on next page*

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## Mule Deer Hunt

*Concluded*

lost or twisted up in the bush. If there is a nice mule deer at the end of the hunt, we like to become lost in the bush. Boy! I'll say!"

"Say!" replied Arthur Lundquist. "I thought you said that you fellows were lost in the bush, too! Where's your deer or moose?"

"We tied ours up in the bush," replied George Campbell. "We'll bring him in next time. So long!"

"So long!" we answered. The car motor spluttered into life, as we gunned the engine and began our trip toward town through the semi-gloom of the short, winter afternoon. Darkness was descending fast.

"Were you lost?" I asked Arthur Lundquist as we were driving through a snowstorm.

"Sure," he replied. "I shot the buck, bled and gutted it, not knowing where I was; but I had fortunately killed it near an old logging road. I made my way down the road and out of the bush to a homesteader's cabin, where I was given my lunch. Then he hitched up the team to his sleigh, and we brought the buck out of the woods in one piece. Not satisfied with showing that much hospitality, he drove me over to George Campbell's homestead. I gave him a couple of dollars. We were both more than satisfied."

"Nice work," I commented. "We've had a good hunt today; and we have realized that northern hospitality is outstanding." And our mule deer (*Cariacus macrotis*) seemed to be waving farewell, with his fore feet, to the woods and deep timber he had graced so fittingly, as our car went bumping along the snow-covered dirt and gravel road toward home, while we settled down contentedly to enjoy the ride to town. We had bagged a mule deer in the Cariboo.

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## Lightning Creek 1877 - 78

*continued from page 25*

Mountain before coming to Barker-ville with its narrow street and houses huddled together.

While he went to put up his team, Bob left me in a saloon in charge of everybody. The men were friendly, told me they had known my father since 1861. After Bob came back we all had dinner together, and then returned to the bar-room, where the men played poker. I was having a fine time watching the games and the betting when a clerical-looking gentleman entered. He asked me who I was, and when I told him, adding that I came with Mr. Graham, he replied that it was no place for me and that he would take me to his home. I expostulated, and so did Bob. ("Why, he's as safe here as in God's pocket!" said he) But it did no good, the power of the cloth prevailed, and so, most unwillingly, I left in the company of the Rev. Sexsmith, and was put to bed at his home. Next morning the minister, Dr. Chips, and another man

went to Stanley with us. The minister called on mother; I never went again.

Calling a Miners' Meeting to investigate an allegation, charge, or complaint was a serious business. I recall one person's name, that my father said had been notified, as a result of a Miners' Meeting, to leave the country and never return. For "sharp practice, taking advantage of ignorance and duping honest men," all, it seemed, within the letter of the law.

In May of 1878 mother, my brother and I returned to New Westminster. The steamer Victoria had not yet started to run for the season, so the stage drove through to Soda Creek. We stopped at Murphy's place, then at Clinton, where I saw Johnnie Hamilton again, with the same red bandana about his neck.

Back over the long road we travelled, but this time with no accidents or delays of any kind. At Yale the steamer was waiting, and with the strong current we soon reached New Westminster—another journey's end.

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## Fraser River Gold

continued from page 22

caisson, such as are used in constructing the foundations of bridges throughout the country.

High overhead was a timbered structure capable of supporting the entire weight of the caisson, while underneath was a hole in the bottom of the barge through which it was to be lowered to the bottom of the river and its rich golden sands.

The barge was anchored in mid-stream by stout cables tied to trees on either shore. Everything was all set and perfectly safe. The barge could not move more than an inch or more in any direction, for there were not two but four cables, each secured firmly to the "beach," and each fastened to a different corner of the barge. . . . Slowly the caisson was lowered with the winch . . . one . . . two . . . four . . . eight feet, and before the nine-foot level was reached it was resting firmly on the bottom.

At last the Fraser was going to be made to give up its gold, which it had kept locked away under its bosom these long years. He had chosen the spot well—the mouth of the Canyon, through which the water surged with such force that it carried everything — gravel, boulders, sand and gold—before it, only to deposit them on the bottom of the river in the slower moving waters at the mouth of the canyon. . . . It was the logical, the "reason-

able" spot wherein to try out this brain-child and prove or disprove the long-accepted fact that the bottom of the Fraser was literally "paved" with gold. Not only did logic indicate that all the gold swept through the canyon would, being extremely heavy, settle as soon as it entered the comparatively slack water at the mouth, but it was a known fact that a slight hump, or "bar," in the river at this point had yielded hundreds of dollars to two enterprising Swedish miners in the space of two or three days during the previous winter.

There was every reason to expect success. As near as he could estimate the caisson now rested upon this "hump" from which the miners had taken so much gold the previous winter, only to be driven off by rising water. . . . No water was going to keep "Lenny" Knutsen away from the golden harvest. . . . Little cared he how high it rose, for he was now ready. Even if this were not the exact spot, it didn't matter. It might even be richer, for gold settled to the low spots, and if he wasn't directly over the bar, he must be over a lower spot.

He clambered up a ladder, shovel in hand, stepped over onto the steel cylinder, and disappeared through a hatchway in the top. Paid assistants were on hand who immediately clamped down an airtight cover, while others started up the compressed air pumps which were to force the nine feet of water in the bottom of the cylinder slowly downward until the gravel was exposed, and at the same time provide the man within air to breathe.

Inside the cylinder "Lenny" switched on an electric floodlight as he waited on metal staging high above the dark waters. The light was directed downwards at the slowly receding water. . . . It was his big moment. He felt the sides of the cylinder. It was as solid as a rock—not the slightest budge. Gradually the water receded until

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**Lightning Creek 1877 - 78***continued from page 25*

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High overhead was a timbered structure capable of supporting the entire weight of the caisson, while underneath was a hole in the bottom of the barge through which it was to be lowered to the bottom of the river and its rich golden sands.

The barge was anchored in mid-stream by stout cables tied to trees on either shore. Everything was all set and perfectly safe. The barge could not move more than an inch or more in any direction, for there were not two but four cables, each secured firmly to the "beach," and each fastened to a different corner of the barge. . . . Slowly the caisson was lowered with the winch . . . one . . . two . . . four . . . eight feet, and before the nine-foot level was reached it was resting firmly on the bottom.

At last the Fraser was going to be made to give up its gold, which it had kept locked away under its bosom these long years. He had chosen the spot well—the mouth of the Canyon, through which the water surged with such force that it carried everything—gravel, boulders, sand and gold—before it, only to deposit them on the bottom of the river in the slower moving waters at the mouth of the canyon. . . . It was the logical, the "reason-

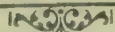
able" spot wherein to try out this brain-child and prove or disprove the long-accepted fact that the bottom of the Fraser was literally "paved" with gold. Not only did logic indicate that all the gold swept through the canyon would, being extremely heavy, settle as soon as it entered the comparatively slack water at the mouth, but it was a known fact that a slight hump, or "bar," in the river at this point had yielded hundreds of dollars to two enterprising Swedish miners in the space of two or three days during the previous winter.

There was every reason to expect success. As near as he could estimate the caisson now rested upon this "hump" from which the miners had taken so much gold the previous winter, only to be driven off by rising water. . . . No water was going to keep "Lenny" Knutsen away from the golden harvest. . . . Little cared he how high it rose, for he was now ready. Even if this were not the exact spot, it didn't matter. It might even be richer, for gold settled to the low spots, and if he wasn't directly over the bar, he must be over a lower spot.

He clambered up a ladder, shovel in hand, stepped over onto the steel cylinder, and disappeared through a hatchway in the top. Paid assistants were on hand who immediately clamped down an airtight cover, while others started up the compressed air pumps which were to force the nine feet of water in the bottom of the cylinder slowly downward until the gravel was exposed, and at the same time provide the man within air to breathe.

Inside the cylinder "Lenny" switched on an electric floodlight as he waited on metal staging high above the dark waters. The light was directed downwards at the slowly receding water. . . . It was his big moment. He felt the sides of the cylinder. It was as solid as a rock—not the slightest budge. Gradually the water receded until

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finally the first rock showed, then another and another. It was remarkably flat on the bottom. He became conscious suddenly of a terrible din, a terrific grinding, rumbling roar that was so loud it hurt his eardrums. He tapped on the cylinder a pre-arranged signal inquiring whether all was well, and received an affirmative reply. Before starting gingerly down the ladder, he stuffed cotton in his ears. He had expected the noise. The whole of the bottom of the Fraser River was on the move.

Boulders, rocks, and gravel (gold-bearing, he hoped) were grinding against the upstream side of the cylinder, and as each rock crashed into the side of the cylinder the din was terrifying. . . .

The gravel looked "good." . . . There was no point in taking a pan for test purposes, for the best test would be to run a cubic yard or more through the sluice boxes mounted on the scow up there on the surface of the river above him. He set to work and hoisted bucket after bucket of gravel to the bins built into the sides of the cylinder above him. . . . At long last the river was being made to yield its treasure. . . . The sweat poured off him, but he continued to gouge out an ever-widening circle and was soon working around the edge of his eight-foot cylinder. Suddenly, with a terrifying grind the cylinder dropped a few inches and tilted slightly. . . . Water began to pour in under the high corner. Panic-stricken, he leaped for the ladder and bounded up a few rungs, and then paused to look back. The water had stopped and he could hear no signal from above that anything unusual had happened—no danger signal—nothing. Deciding that he'd had enough for his first time "down," he continued on up the ladder, thinking as he went how he had anticipated every single thing that had happened, but also how terrifyingly different it was when actually experienced down in the dank hole below him. The cylinder had merely settled down

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a few inches following the progress of his digging. His mind had pictured something different, however—a cable strained to the breaking point, suddenly snapping in two somewhere up above in that other world; that totally different world of sunlight and trees and blue sky. . . . His mind had visualized it in a flash—the sickening lurch of the scow, the up-ending of the cylinder, the swift surge of dark, silt-laden river water, and then . . . It was the one thing which had bothered him all along. Was this mad hunt for gold worth the risk?

Up on the scow he soon forgot his fears. There was no time for letting his imagination run riot.

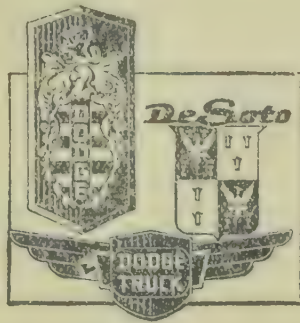
There was no time for letting his imagination run riot. The gravel, that precious yard of gravel, had to be run through the gold-saving apparatus. Everything was in readiness and soon bucket after bucket was being dumped into the hopper under a stream of water fed by the same bar-mining pump that had pumped countless thousands of gallons of water for him during the months that he toiled on the bars,—only now it was going to be different. Now the faithful old pump was supplying water, not for the near-barren gravels that had been worked over a hundred times in as many years, but for some of the

*Continued on next page*



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## Fraser River Gold

richest gravel that man had ever wrested from the depths of the Fraser; the gravel that had beckoned men for nigh on a century but which had mockingly always remained just beyond his reach. . . .

The gravel grated noisily as it slid down the metal chute from the hopper onto the "grizzly," a series of metal rods set in a wooden frame at such an angle that all the coarse gravel and large rocks rolled off to one side and over the edge of the scow while the fine gravel, water and gold fell through to where a series of metal plates spread the flow evenly over a two-foot-wide sloping table, or "sluice-box," the bottom of which was lined with a carefully fitted brand-new piece of four-point Hudson's Bay blanket, over which was in turn fastened a piece of coarse pressed metal screen of the diamond design variety. Each of the three-quarter-inch diamond shaped openings was a "riffle" which broke the flow of the water, and it was in these that the flakes of gold would collect, while the finer "flour-gold" would work its way down into the blanket and be retrieved at the end of the season by dousing it with gasoline and burning it in a wash-tub and panning the residual ashes.

The apparatus was a tried and proven gold-saver. Thousands were in use up and down the river, and when set up properly there was little chance of losing any of the gold, for it always lodged in the first foot or less of diamond riffles. The average miner could estimate within 50 cents the amount of gold in this type of sluice box by merely shutting off the gravel supply and allowing clear water to flow over the riffles so that excessive sand was washed away, after which the gold is readily discernible. A two-inch-wide yellow streak across the width of a two-foot box would result in a clean-up of approximately \$10.00. The wider this streak, the

*Concluded on next page*



## ANNUAL ADVENTURE

*continued from page 20*

would judge that she and her progeny had missed one another and her sole object in life was to interpose her not inconsiderable bulk between him and this threatening animal with such terribly bright eyes. This she accomplished most successfully. She ran in front of the truck only a few feet from the wheels and then, for reasons best known to herself, reared up. There being no possible time to stop, the truck obligingly knocked the hind legs out from underneath her and she rolled over the bonnet practically against the windshield and thence onto the road.

I never saw that self-sacrificing mother again, but the front of the truck was an inspiring sight. I never disbelieve any stories anent the toughness of moose. The radi-

ator had the fan well and truly pinned back; the off lamp, scarcely recognizable as such, was pushed back through the bonnet and against the block; the hose connection was no longer connected; the fender was crumpled up like paper. However, apparently neither the moose nor the truck had suffered any mechanical damage, for both were able to leave under their own power.

After this, and for practically another year, further encounters have been avoided. This year, while I have undoubtedly met up with a further bear who seemed disposed to contest the right-of-way up Hasler Creek, that element of complete surprise—the hair-graying ingredient to the adventure—was absent. Consequently, having an eye to order if not to wordiness, I shall leave this episode unrelated until some other time.

## Fraser River Gold

higher the value of the gold in the box.

The sluice box on the barge was some twelve feet long—just double the average length, for Lenny was expecting great things. For half an hour a steady stream of water, sand and fine gravel rolled down the inclined box in a fine even layer. The grade was carefully checked. The sluice box had to have a drop of just so many inches to the foot, and the water had to be just so, else the gold would be carried right over riffles and end up back in the river.

That evening the lengthening shadows found young Knutsen seated on a boulder near the river's edge watching the cold waters swirl by. . . The day had been a failure — he had just finished weighing the gold taken from the yard of gravel he had so hopelessly run through — a bare \$4.00 in fine gold.

There was something wrong somewhere. Oldtimers had taken a hundred

dollars from a yard of gravel, at the old price of \$17.00 per ounce. His returns from a yard of gravel taken from below water level, where it was supposed to be richer, was a scant four dollars at the present price of \$35.00 per ounce. There was something radically wrong. Could fifty thousand bar miners be wrong? Were the countless stories of untold riches lying below *low water level*, merely fanciful dreams with which gold-crazy miners delighted to torture themselves? These, and other questions, he asked himself and always the logic of his own conclusions would keep intruding. Gold is one of the heaviest of all metals and *must* with water action eventually find its way to the low spots in the river bed. It is the principle utilized in all placer gold saving apparatus — and Lenny could not help seeing the Fraser as a huge sluice box with the heaviest concentrations collecting in the low spots.

What matter that the first yard of gravel did not yield as much as he had hoped for — after all, rivers were tricky, with peculiar currents, eddies, and undercurrents, all of which cre-

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### FRASER RIVER GOLD

ated equally peculiar concentrations and barren spots. The longer he reviewed the situation the more he became convinced that he had merely chanced upon a spot which because of tricky currents had not been favoured with a heavy concentration. A few feet upstream or to one side or the other might place him directly over a concentration such as miners always dream of.

The next day he moved the cumbersome barge a few feet further out into midstream, but the result was only nine dollars in gold — an increase true, but nothing to get excited about. Each day he moved a few feet further across the river. The results were fairly uniform, averaging about seven dollars per yard. Eventually he was working in the comparatively shallow water on the opposite side from which he had started his operations. Here, in the shallow water several feet above the lowest parts of the river bed, he found heavier gold concentrations. It was surprising. It defied the law of gravity, and the bar-miners popular belief that most of the gold was out in midstream.

All summer he worked, barely paying expenses, for the capacity of this type of operation was a scant two or three yards per day. Back and forth across the river. First up near the mouth of the canyon, after which he gradually worked downstream. Nowhere did he strike any exceptionally rich ground. The gravels were painfully consistent in value, averaging from 5 to 10 dollars per yard with here and there an enrichment up to 12 dollars offset by some ground that was worth less than a dollar per yard.

By late fall he was gradually becoming convinced that 100 dollar a yard ground existed only in the imaginations of those poor unfortunates who were forced to work over the old ground above low-water level, and those who still clung to the romantic past. He doubted very much whether the two Swedes had ever found ground

as rich as they claimed, for he had given the river a pretty thorough going over for a full mile below the canyon. Eventually he ceased operations. The river bottom was not rich enough to warrant keeping on.

Though he was ready to concede that 100 dollar a day ground was perhaps as scarce as a counter full of Nylons in a wartime bargain basement, and that his caisson-barge unit was a failure, he was not entirely satisfied. He had learned a lot about what went on down there under the bosom of the river. He had been surprised to find that out in midstream there was seldom over two feet of gravel (he had expected more) — and that this two feet of gravel was continually on the move over a false bed rock of clay or sand — seldom on true bed-rock. Towards the sides in the slower moving water there had been more gravel, and strangely, richer concentrations of gold — albeit very patchy. There were other conclusions he had arrived at, all of which pointed to the fact that there *could be* some extremely rich ground *somewhere* along the river.

It had only been three years since two brothers had come down from the Quesnel River, which enters the Fraser at Quesnel, and casually dropped a jar full of fine gold valued at \$1800.00 on the counter of one of the local merchants who bought gold — It had

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been the result of two weeks work on a bar exposed by extremely low water.

And then there was the story told by an old time Cariboo resident, Angus Chisholm, who tells of a bar some 50 or more miles below Quesnel the gravel of which averages from 50 to 75 cents a pan. Thirty years ago, during an exceptionally dry year when the river was lower than it had been for years, Chisholm, upon the advice of an old sourdough of the Barkerville gold rush, had made his way to the river bank opposite where the bar was to become exposed should the river recede another few inches. Each day he had waited the river dropped an inch or more. One evening just before dusk he saw a few rocks sticking up in midstream — the bar had at last begun to emerge. Chisholm, in hip boots, had waded through 15 inches of water out to the bar and taken a few test pans. It had been rich beyond his fondest dreams. He was to have started work the following morning — but it had rained through the night. In the morning the bar had been covered. That had been 30 years ago — from that day to this the river has never again been so low.

Despite the lack of success with his summers operations, Lenny could not get these, and other stories out of his mind. In the dead of winter, when he knew the river to be at its lowest ebb for the year, he went back to the canyon. The temperature was below zero and a two foot sheath of ice covered the Fraser while an icy blast roared down through the canyon. Out in midstream at the canyon mouth was a hump some hundred or more yards long and fifty or sixty yards wide which was a good two feet higher than the rest of the ice blanket. He walked out to the hump and was soon panning gravel from the bar hidden under the ice — the same bar from which the two Swedes were supposed to have taken their hundred dollars a day.

The results were good but not good enough — there was no such amount to be made here. All day long he worked. It was a tough cold job. First

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he had to hack his way through two feet of solid ice. Below the ice the bar was still an inch or two below river level. This gave him water with which to wash his test pans. The results kept getting better. By the end of the next day he had decided to go to work — there was from 10 to 20 dollars a day to be made.

A week later found him bedded down in his former camp with his bar miners pump set up on the ice. It was grueling work, necessitating that he stand almost up to his hips in water just one or two degrees above freezing temperature. Every fifteen minutes or so he emptied the hot water from the water jacket of his engine into the sluice box to keep it from freezing solid. It was slow work. The ice had to be blasted first after which the frozen chunks had to be manhandled so that the gravel was exposed. He was making about \$15 per day and handling from a yard to a yard and a half per day. The pit he had opened up through the ice gradually enlarged and he kept working in the direction which according to his test pans was the richest.

A month later he had worked his way into the rich ground which the two Swedes had found the previous winter.

He had two men working for him and despite the extremely trying conditions of snow, wind, ice and often sub-zero temperatures under which the work was carried on, his returns were a hundred dollars a day or better.

Every week he would walk into the office of John A Fraser & Co. and pour from five to eight hundred dollars in fine and moderately coarse gold onto the battered brass pan of the old gold scales which that firm has been using for the past fifty years — Not for decades had the old scales weighed in such amounts of gold from the work of a couple of men on the Fraser River.

Since the turn of the century thousands have combed the Fraser in hopes of finding just such ground as this bar at the mouth of the Cottonwood Canyon, but seldom if ever found any-



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**INDIAN WARS OF CARIBOO AND NORTHERN B.C.**

and again to jump the palisade. They were no match for the well-armed Alexandria Indians behind their stout fortifications. Their chief, "Tcholtakret," was a great leader and their supply of powder and food ample. Eventually all but one of the Chilcotens lay dead outside the stockade—they let this last one go so that he could inform his tribe of their terrible defeat.

Now to study the psychology of these wars. I have been told how they were conducted by Indians who actually took part in them. These stories were related to me by ancient wrinkled "braves" before the turn of the century and should be preserved, else they will be lost forever. These wars, or raids, were mostly wars of vengeance and of individual or family feuds, but more often than not the entire tribe took up the feud. Often the medicine man would attribute the death of one of the tribe to such and such a person of another tribe, other times a member of one tribe trespassed on the hunting grounds of another, or stole his furs, or an Indian wanted another wife, even if he already had two, or three, or six, from all of which came perpetual strife and wars of vengeance.

This last story is about the war between the Shuswaps and the Beavers, bringing in a few details about manners and customs. The Beavers, who live on the east bank

of the Mackenzie River, in the vicinity of Fort St. John and Dunvegan, had camps as far west as Rose Lake and as far south as Horsefly and Beaver Lake Valley, even to within nine miles of the Beaver Lake post office. Their territory extended east and north from Beaver Valley, to the Rockies and beyond, and the only time they came near the Fraser River was when on a raiding expedition.

Sometimes, before the war about which I am going to speak, they raided the Soda Creek tribe and visited occasionally the Shuswaps in the territory around Williams Lake. Even today may be seen at the mouth of the Horsefly River a stone dam built by them to trap fish. Their visits to the Shuswaps were for the purpose of trading, but primarily to engage in Indian games, which, unlike present-day inter-town and inter-province sports, often ended in a pitched battle. Following a "visit" which resulted in much hard feeling between the two tribes, the Beavers made three raids on the Shuswaps. Four women, berry-picking some distance from Soda Creek, were attacked. Three of the women escaped, but the fourth, destined soon to become a mother, and who could not speed through the trees as quickly as the rest, was caught and forced back to the camp of the captors. They made her pack the spoils of an earlier raid, and it was remarkable that in her condition she did not collapse. The captive paid close attention to landmarks and when-

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ever she could do so unobserved broke branches and twigs along the trail. Eventually, after many days of travel, they arrived at the tribal headquarters, where she was made into a slave of the chief. In a month or two a child was born, a boy. She would have preferred a girl, who would not be brought up to be a fighter. Some say that the Beavers drowned the child, others that the woman did away with the child herself rather than see it brought up to hate and fight its tribesmen at Soda Creek. The woman, of course, was very unhappy. Nothing could make her forget her home at Soda Creek. Her captors were cruel and beat her unmercifully, almost killing her once. As soon as she could after this last terrible beating she ran away and hid in a hollow tree. A Beaver woman who felt sorry for her, but who could do nothing to help, found her and told her to run away as they were going to kill her when they caught her. She made up her mind on the instant. The Beaver woman gave her moccasins, dried meat and fish, and pointed out the road—"Follow the sun," she said. The Soda Creek (Shuswap) woman had 500 miles to travel and only the sun to guide her.

She had several days' head start, as the tribesmen did not believe that she would be foolhardy enough to attempt the trip back to her home. She crossed a range of high mountains (the story goes), probably the Rockies, and eventually arrived at a swift river, the Fraser, below Prince George, where it turns south. Here she heard the barking of a dog and the footsteps of a runner. The pursuit had finally caught up with her. In the bend of the river at that point were thousands of tree trunks and bits of driftwood circling around in the eddies. She had just barely enough time to plunge into the icy water up to her shoulders and hide. This was the only way to put the dog off the scent and to hide from her former captors. The Indians spent four days looking for her and the brave woman stayed there in the



tangle of driftwood all that time. When she was sure that they had left, she came out. She found a fresh caribou skin, which she cut into strips, using the strips to tie some driftlogs together to form a raft. Reaching the other side, she dismantled the raft, keeping the leather thongs,—they were to come in handy again in constructing another raft to cross Quesnel Lake, nearly a hundred miles farther on. Weeks later, her clothing torn to shreds, her mocassins worn out and her feet bleeding, she staggered into Soda Creek and safety.

The next year the Beavers carried off two sisters of the chief of the Carrier tribe, whose headquarters were at Alexandria. One of these sisters was married to the chief of the Soda Creek tribe. Being the daughters of a chief, the hatred and longing for vengeance of the Shuswaps mounted to fever pitch, but the Beaver tribe were hard to get at, protected as they were by the Quesnel and Fraser Rivers and by the high mountains on the other side of which were their home camps. The hatred for the Beavers reached its peak when again, the following year, they came in large numbers to attack the Shuswaps.

The Indians of Soda Creek were camped about six miles from the present townsite, actually, just behind the Pickard Ranch. They were staying in a large Kikoule house—a large cave with a trapdoor entrance, so that the only way in and out was by a ladder through this hole, which was also the chimney for the smoke. The young men and girls had gone to a big potlatch, or celebration, at Alexandria. The old men and women and invalids were left under the care of a watchman, assigned to his task by the ever-wary chief. Only one girl, who happened to be sick, stayed at home. She lived apart in a small hut. Suddenly the Beavers swooped down on the Kikoule house. The watchman took an advantageous position near the trapdoor and with a good supply of arrows for his primitive bow,

shot all who attempted to enter through the trapdoor. He could easily keep back the attackers alone. The attackers, seeing that they were getting nowhere, tried to set fire to the house by throwing burning branches through the trapdoor, but the inmates put them out as fast as they were thrown in. The young girl, who had hidden in the woods with the first war cry, realizing that eventually her people would lose the battle, set out for Alexandria, a distance of twelve miles. She told them of the attack, whereupon the braves gathered their bows and arrows and set out for Soda Creek. When they arrived the watchman was still holding the Beavers in check. Soon he heard the moans and curses of the dying and after a while there were no more arrows being shot into the cave through the trapdoor. He came out and with his tomahawk helped finish off the attackers. All were killed but one, who managed to escape and managed to get back and tell his tribesmen of the defeat.

Encouraged by this victory and by the desire to bring back the two

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daughters of their chief, it was decided to carry the war into the country of the Beavers. In the winter of 1818 the Indians of Alexandria, the Shuswaps of Soda Creek and of Chimney Creek and Williams Lake set out to attack the Beavers. They were very cautious, making use of every bit of their marvellous knowledge of woodcraft so that they could take their enemy by surprise. It took quite a time to find the headquarters of the Beavers. The two women prisoners seemed to have a premonition that their delivery was at hand. One morning one of them said to the other, "Sister, I dreamed last night that our husbands and father would come and get us soon."

That day a Beaver Indian child had seen a wounded deer running through the forest with an arrow protruding from its neck—a long Shuswap arrow. On hearing of this, the men of the camp laughed, saying, "Soda Creek is too far away." That night one of the two sisters stole about through the darkness and gathered together all the snowshoes belonging to the braves and hid them so that in the event of an attack during the night or following morning (a favorite time to attack—when the enemy was loggy with sleep) the attacking party would have a great advantage.

Sure enough, just before day-

break the Shuswaps swept down on the camp and in the ensuing confusion the two girls made their escape. The Beavers were at a tremendous disadvantage without their snowshoes, having to flounder around in the deep snow while the Shuswaps glided over it with sure gait. It was a primitive and bloody battle—the Shuswap chief killed the Beaver Chief, the snow reddened, and before long all but one of the Beavers were dead. An old blind man, who claimed that he had neither harmed the Shuswaps nor did he particularly hate them—they let him live.

The Shuswaps lost only one man, the grandfather of Baptiste Kraall, of Sugar Cane (near Williams Lake), who was mortally wounded. When he died his body was burned and the ashes, together with his heart, which would not burn, were taken back to Williams Lake. In the spring the Shuswaps went back to the "Beaver" country on another raid and took three women prisoners. Two of these were kept as slaves in Williams Lake, and one in Soda Creek,—the last of these three women died in 1860,—a "natural" death. On their return from the raids the braves would dig and eat certain wild roots and take a Turkish bath before rejoining their families—actions by which, according to their pagan rituals, they were

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"purified" after their blood-letting. . . . This war took place during the winter of 1818-19. The Hudson's Bay Company, which established a post at Alexandria in 1821, mention in their records a more recent expedition of the Shuswaps against the Beavers.

Such were the Indian wars before the arrival of missionaries in Northern B.C. — complete extermination of one group by another. After 1840 the story is quite different. The Indians made peace in their own way, for example: We have the Canim Lake chief after a victory over the Thompson (River)

Indians telling the two young men left to go home (after loading them both with the bows and arrows of the vanquished invaders) and show the useless weapons to their mothers, so that the mothers might teach their young that those who live by the bow can also die by it.

The black robes taught peace and even persuaded the Indians of different tribes to intermarry and thus establish the foundations of a lasting peace. The descendants of these battling tribes of old left their native haunts to battle for their country, white man's style, during the last great war.

## Theres a MAN on our Trail

*continued from page 13*

idleness. His lungs, quite good enough for mountain-climbing, proved unequal to the strain of addressing empty forest glades. He grew thinner and thinner. His voice, once the terror of the woods, grew weaker and weaker until finally it was but a feeble squeak, hardly strong enough to attract lovelorn mice. Poor fellow! Though he reformed, he hardly survived the following winter. Your grandmother deserted him, and he never did fully regain his former prestige.

Daddy stared moodily at the stuffed head and gaping mouth. He wondered if his own expression would be equally blank and stupid in like case. Still, it retained a certain smug satisfaction that he always envied. Even being a human must have its compensations.

'That,' remarked Mummy, in tones gentle but dogmatic, 'will teach you not to bite politicians. Incidentally, if you see any humans with long hair

and wide middles, leave them alone too. They'll squeal like agitated squirrels, and attract other humans with guns. If they say, 'Oh! The sweet little thing!' — or 'Just let me pat the little darling,' be sure to run all the faster. With such terms do they ensnare their prey. Such words are more dangerous than any trap, and far more deadly than any gun.'

'Mark my words carefully, Darling, and you'll grow up to be a big, cautious bear. Treat them with contempt, and you'll meet the reward of your folly — just like that politician yonder. Always remember that bears are the backbone of the country, and demean yourself accordingly. Now, it's your bedtime — off you go! Take that silly grin off your face,' she added with unaccustomed asperity, and cuffed her offspring in the direction of the bedroom.

Turning to her husband, she remarked, 'Really, I think the cub is too young to hear about such things. That expression frightens me. The first thing we know, he'll be starting to act like a human too!'

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- Ralph Waldo Emerson

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## Utilize Waste

continued from page 9

Interior logging, where teams or small tractors are used, is not nearly so destructive of secondary growth as is the high-lead system used on the coast. In many places on the coast it is virtually impossible, due to steep hillsides and rough broken country, to log off a virgin stand of timber without a great deal of waste and damage to the trees being logged as well as the trees which were intended to be left standing. Any thought of reforesting these rugged areas is hopeless. Not so the interior. Here the terrain is totally different, timber smaller and more easily logged selectively. Using teams and small tractors, very little damage is done to timber which is not meant to be taken. Despite this, a walk through any logged over area, be it on the coast or in the interior, will reveal a tremendous amount of waste, with virtually no attempt at 'cleaning up' behind them as the loggers progress from one end of a stand of timber to the other. What is left behind in the form of small trees and saplings knocked over, and (in a year or two) tinder-dry tree tops and branches, constitutes one of our greatest fire hazards. Thousands of acres of such areas are left in this condition each year, swelling the total acreage of logged over area to millions of acres. Each year hundreds of forest fires start in these slashings and wipe out for generations to come any possibility that the area may have had of producing timber of a merchantable size. — I repeat. Something must be done. The time for action has come!

The government has been carrying out, on an ever-increasing scale, a program of reforestation for many years. Each year more and more acreage is planted with seedling fir, cedar and spruce. But that is not enough, nor does reforestation remedy the present wasteful methods of logging. The rate of cut far exceeds any measures we have so far instituted to insure a perpetual yield. Somehow we must learn how to go about making profitable use of that 80 percent

which we now deem *unavoidable* waste.

On the coast a great deal of this so-called waste could be salvaged by establishing small portable mills, such as are used in the interior, in all areas freshly logged over; which mills would make use of the small trees knocked over, and the tops of the larger trees which were broken or cut off in being logged, for the making of railroad ties, shingle bolts, and even lumber.

In the interior, small pulp mills located at strategic spots, and capable of utilizing even the lowly jack-pine would to a great extent solve the problem. A new industry would thus be established in the north-central portion of the province, and said industry would be the market for countless thousands of cords of wood that is now being left to rot in the woods. This, coupled with a compulsory clean-up program to follow in the wake of all logging operations would see us off to a good start, and future generations would thank us for our foresight.

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*A beef herd arriving.*



*Sold and ready for shipment.*

## Cattle Sales are the Darndest Things

continued from page 8

the pens. Their talk is of brands and dusty trail drives; of critters and slicks, mavericks and knotheads. They discuss roping horses and range bulls, wolves and moose and rough fordings of the countless Cariboo creeks and rivers. Occasionally a temper flares, harsh words are spoken and fists fly. All that is lacking is the crack of six-

shooters and the legendary curl of smoke from the muzzle of a shootin' iron.

Cattle sales are the darndest things. They are exciting and full of life, interest and human equation. But the cattle yards and the sale and the unnumbered stock cars are after all, only a small part of the whole affair. Brothers and sisters you should see the towns, especially Williams Lake which bursts every seam in a vain endeavor to house everyone in its three

very inadequate hotels.

The streets teem with people: Men, women and babes in arms. Each individual including the babes, has a haunted look about him. Lips move soundlessly, or faintly whisper, but if you pause and listen closely, you can hear one underlying refrain, "Where am I gonna sleep tonight?" Cattle sales, yeah man! It's wild west and Klondike. It's B. C. on the loose, mad, merry and crazy as all get out.

But the cattie, which is the unwitting cause of the whole dizzy performance, is worth watching too. You can almost tell by looking at them, the distances they have come and the treatment they have received. There are long horned, shaggy animals from the far reaches of the Chilcotin, Nazko and Anahim countries, wild animals, these, used to wide open ranges, where a fence is something to trip over and a man without a horse is fair game.



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for the first set of horns that can tickle him.

There are sleek fat herds from the Alkali Lake country. Pedigreed, blue-blooded stuff, this, the very aristocrats of the range. They eye the watching humans contemplatively and chew nonchalantly at yesterday's breakfast which, in cow language, is known as their cud. There are some scrubs, picked up here and there, which remind one of urchin children.

However behind the somewhat romantic atmosphere of the cattle sales is the motivating force of big business. There are according to recent statistics approximately 350,000 head of beef critters roaming the great Cariboo ranges, at normal values this amounts to somewhere in the neighbourhood of thirty five million dollars worth of beefsteaks. Anyone who is statistically minded and of a mathematical turn of mind, can, after conversing with a butcher figure out how many pounds of meat at thirty five million dollars worth

is and by going on from there estimate how many people it would feed at \$1.75 a plate, (which I have been told is a very cheap price indeed in some places.)

At Williams Lake nearly 2200 head of commercial cattle and 100 prize bulls were sold. The commercial cattle passed under the hammer in four hours and grossed about \$202,000.00. The champion bull sold for \$925.00 and the reserve champion was bought by Eddie Ross of Redstone for \$500.

At Quesnel a week later 1,268 head of cattle were sold in the one day of the sale. The prices obtained were about the same as those at Williams Lake with the highest price for steers being \$11.80 per hundred.

Yes there is big business, romance and plain hard work attached to the cattle raising and selling industry, especially hard work. Alfred Bryant and Andy Christianson drove 300 odd head two hundred miles to get to the Quesnel sale. They cut the trail out last



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The stockyards at Williams Lake — with cattle buyers in the foreground

summer in the Bazaiko country and then hurried back to their ranches to put up the vast quantities of hay needed for winter feeding. No sooner was the hay up than the round-up began, and then the long trail drive.

The new route from the Anahim country which Bryant and Christianson used has proved to have good

feed and good water. Bryant's herd was in the nature of an experiment and next year he intends to drive possibly twice as many cattle into Quesnel. The same holds true for many cattlemen who drove in from the Blackwater, Nazko and the many small ranches north, south, east, and west of Quesnel.

But whether the cattle is shipped

through Quesnel or Williams Lake or Prince George, it doesn't really matter, the fact remains that a vast industry has been built up and this industry is yearly increasing in value as the cattlemen range farther afield opening new territories, finding new grazing lands and increasing their herds.

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## MODERN Christmas Carol

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not return. The servant stepped back a pace with a veiled glance at his master — waiting — wondering—.

He noted again his master's dishevelled appearance. — 'Queer,' he thought.....'Not at all like his master. And the way he had acted when he was first awakened. As though he had expected to have his brains bashed in. And then the drink. He *never* did, in the morning, though he certainly looked as though he had needed it.... But now.....What the devil? Surely there was nothing so unusual outside that it demanded such concentration.... A bird? — A bit of snow? — A tree?

He shrugged, glancing at the tray in his hand. He would have to go

in a minute, for another drink. This one was getting cold. He waited patiently for some sign from the man seated at the window. Somehow he felt that it was no longer important — the drink didn't matter any more — Something cold and hard about the features outlined sharply by the soft white snow— The set of his head. The eyes. — His master was himself again and his master did *not* drink in the morning.

Finally the man spoke, without turning. 'Observe, Jason!' he exclaimed. 'A bit of nature! A *lesson!* — Note how the bird hopped from one branch to another, hopefully searching for food, and finding none, flew away.'

He turned to face the servant. 'It won't come back, Jason. Because the tree yielded no food, no tidbit — *nothing* — And the tree, Jason? Look! He motioned to the window. 'Has it changed because some fool bird condemned it as being barren? — Has it heaved itself out of the earth, or shrivelled away in agony? — Bah! Of course it hasn't! And it won't, as any dam fool can tell you.'

He eyed the butler, scornfully noting the humble perplexity appearing in his eyes, and continued coldly, 'No, Jason — The tree will go on, as it always has— It's roots are strong and deep, and birds are,..... well, just birds,' he shrugged contemptuously, 'here today and gone tomorrow.'

He turned away; his features grim and uncompromising, and his eyes sought the tree. — Bleak, and cold it stood etched darkly against the heavy grey sky, it's black twisted limbs stretching boldly out from the trunk, unsoftened by the delicately clinging snow. He stared,— and again he sensed the hard living strength hidden within the stark naked outlines; the countless probing roots reaching down beneath the snow deep into the warm moist earth, sucking — *feeding*. A life to live — and the means of living it.....'

He nodded imperceptibly, and turned away. Briefly he glanced about the lavishly furnished study, then fac-

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JESMOND ROAD

CLINTON P.O., B. C.



## Big game guide

continued from page 67

more than twelve duck of any specie in one day—will sure get hell if Jobin catches up with them! (or words to that effect.) Jobin, he's the local Game Nurse, and a right smart man on the job too. With a Smeller (you've got to see it to believe it) which is the pride and joy of all personnel of the B.C. Game Department. When he hoists that weapon into the breeze it can wind an out-of-season moose steak frying fifteen miles away as the bee flies.

They don't seem to hear me, though, and at the speed those ducks are dropping down on the water there's not much danger of the lads going over their limit. Meat-in-the-Pot, that's the varmint I've got to watch! Fifteen or twenty ducks coming up, blanketed so thick you can't see daylight between them. That cussed old glut-ton sniffs the air, coughs a time or two, and seven or eight birds fold up fifty feet from the ground. "You damned old vixen!" I remonstrate. "Have a heart!" But you can't teach manners to a gun like that. Every time a duck quacks she goes haywire and gets plumb out of control.

By the time this flight is over I am all in—what with trying so hard to keep the murderous old rapsca-lion away from the ducks—so I just scoop up an armful of the birds which have fallen around my feet and stagger around to the other end of the slough. The two gents have not done so bad—six birds between them, which is pretty fair average for the kind of shooting they were up against; and their eyes pop when I dump my load of greenheads. "Oh, my word," they exclaim, "You've had all the bally luck." "Just a few of the cripples," I explain. "Come down in the morning and pick the others up. Get all hands and the cook on the job and it won't take more than a couple of hours."

(Pshaw! Don't pay any attention to me, Mister Butler. Why, I can

## Modern Christmas Carol

Concluded

ing the servant settled back in his chair, his grim features relaxing.

A slow smile spread over his face as he sat there toying thoughtfully with the pen in his hand. And then, leaning forward slightly, he caught the butler's eye. "I was about to sign a cheque," he said, indicating the green slip of paper with an amused nod. — "The one for ten thousand

peddle more warm air in thirty minutes than Death Valley can blow up in thirty days.)

The next forty-eight hours are spent in hunting us another couple of bucks, and as the weather is very warm, some of the geese are beginning to smell like they weren't talcum powder. That's nothing, though; why, back where I was raised it's always even betting who gets to eat the pheasant first—the maggots or Lord and Lady Dookelberry.

I check supplies to see how the garbage is hanging out. "Don't bother about the vittles," comments Skittles. "How's the whisky?" "One Scotch, two Hennessey," I tally. Pop! There goes the cork of whisky bottle. "Beg pardon—just the Hennessey left," I corrects myself, ten minutes later. Pop goes the cork of a Hennessey. Five minutes of steady gurgling, and I tally, "Only one bottle now."

"By the Great Horned Toad, the situation is desperate," warns Mollie. "And no mooses yet, either. Tell me, how can we hunt these mooses without liquid asistance?"

"You can't," I agree solemnly. "Too dangerous. The moose are ranging in fallen timber and it aint' safe for a guy to hunt them when his tongue is lolling out around his knees. Might get it hooked up in the windfalls."

And that, folks, is how this hunting party came to wind up back at Riske Creek with three large bucks, a truckload of duck and geese, and the driest thirst one man ever told another man's wife

dollars — but — he shrugged, a triumphant glint in his eye. — "I can't. — I have no name — And I couldn't just write *Elm Tree*, could I?"

He rose deliberately, and taking the drink from the bewildered servant strode towards the fire place where he turned suddenly. "Oh, by the way Jason," he exclaimed, as an after-thought, staring mockingly over the rim of his glass. — "*A Merry Christmas to you.*"

about.

A swell roadhouse is operating down on the creek and here we decide to bide a day or two on account of I know a couple of lakes in the vicinity famous for the quality of their geese. Fellow by the name of Kert (one name is enough for anybody back here in this unexplored hinterland) is the genial host of the joint and, believe me, when it comes to worldly wisdom and knowledge this lad has the goods. (Seeing as how before he came up into these parts he had spent a lot of time around Clinton and Ashcroft and great big cities like that.) I explain our precarious predicament to Kert and solicit his aid; and being a right obliging sort of a gent, he backs his truck out of the woodshed and departs like a

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bat out of Hades for Williams Lake, at which metropolis the Government is operating that prize winner of all known skin games—A Liquor Store. (These recorded happenings are of the good old days before the province was flooded with these iniquitous Permits.)

Thirst is a terrible malady and my heart bleeds for the suffering of Skittles and Mollie, who are walking backwards and forwards in the lane, just sweating the unpleasant situation out. But these hangovers—they never bother me! I am seated close to the kitchen door and right at the moment my attention is focused upon the cook, who is busy building herself a cake or some other such gastronomical atrocity. She picks up an extract (lemon) bottle and I fidget in the chair. She glances at the wood box and I tense myself for the leap. Out to the woodpile she goes and that is my cue to step out of the wings into the centre of the stage. (In these parts the women share fifty-fifty with the men; they cut and pack the fuel and the men folk help them burn it.) Grabbing the extract bottle, I lower its contents three inches and beat a hasty retreat into the sitting-room, making a cursory examination of the cake on the way out. Tough-looking mess of batter if ever I saw one!

This little piece of work puts a new horizon on life and holds me nicely until Kert gets back with the Cargo.

We are all sitting around sipping this honeyed nectar of the gods when one of these cow-poke fellows

native to the country comes poking along up the road. "Hi, Sam," I greet. "How's every little thing?" "Fine 'n dandy—jest fine 'n dandy," replies Sam. "Seen any geese in your travels?" I ask casually. "Geese!" he echoes. "Well, sir, I jest now did come past Becher Lake and I reckon there were a couple of hundred and fifty geese out there in the water." So say I, "Give that man one big finger of Scotch on account of him having furnished us with this advance knowledge of the movements of the enemy." Sam hoists the booze, lets out with a yip and throws the spurs to his cayuse.

Five minutes later another of these cow-poke fellows comes poking along the road. "Hi, Fred!" I greet, "how's every little thing?" "Jest fine 'n dandy," concedes this Fred, "Jest fine 'n dandy." "Seen any geese in your travels?" "Geese!" he explodes. "Well, sir, I jest now did come past Becher Lake and I counted five hundred geese out there in the water!" So says I, "Give this man two big fingers of Scotch on account of him furnishing us with this intelligence as to the whereabouts of such a large scale deployment of enemy personnel." Fred kills both shots at one such and departs in the general direction of the Rancherie (Indian), singing "My Wild Siwash Rose—She's the Niftiest Kloooh I Knows" (or some other such Chilcotin lullaby). And five minutes later another of these cow-poke fellows comes poking along up the road. "Hi, Johnny!" I greet. "How's

every little thing?" "Jest fine 'n dandy," says Johnny. "Jest fine 'n dandy." "See any geese in your travels?" I inquire. "Geese!" roars Johnny. "Well, sir, I jest now did come past Becher Lake and I reckon there were—" "Seven hundred?" I suggest. Johnny sets his lips, squints, takes accurate aim and a squirt of tobacco juice makes it nicely through the keyhole. "Seven hundred my eye," he says scornfully. "And, anyway, Mister, who's telling this story—you or me? No, sir, I counted one thousand geese out in the water!" So I suggested sadly, "Give this man three stiff fingers of Scotch on account of his bringing in this vital information as to where the enemy have mustered this very large vanguard of their strength."

Johnny downs the refreshment and licks his jaws; and ten minutes later I drag him out by the heels and roll him under the pool table.

Pool table, that's what I said. Real up-to-date establishment which Kert is running, and the pride of Kert's eye are the two Outdoor Conveniences perched at good vantages points up there on the side-hill. Here the guests can sit in tranquil leisure, dreaming away the hours, peering out through the knotholes in the door, relaxing, gazing upwards at the far-flung mountains—drinking their fill of Mother Nature at her best.

The pool table itself is an antique of exceeding value (sentimental if not monetary). Upon its green baize the Local Politicians (spurs and all) pour forth their hideous vituperation upon the soul of an unfortunate incumbent Legislature. Betwixt the polished curve of its legs the drunks writhe in mortal agony, their very bowels shrieking in vehement protest against the poisonous quality of that last bottle of gin. And if you are so fortunate (or unfortunate, as the case might be) to have thirty minutes of your time to spare, you can select a cue (no, none of them have tips), rack up the balls (the three and the ten ball are missing) and pot to your heart's content. In spots the original cloth has been replaced

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with generous patches of buckskin (handv material buckskin—once you get used to the smell of the stuff), and that large patch alongside the centre pocket is fashioned entirely from moose hide. 'Tis not often you'll be putting the right ball down that centre pocket.

"One thousand geese!" Skittles tongues the words with relish. "Jove, if only I had my elephant gun!" "Ha, one thousand," Mollie echoes. And, turning to me, they ask: "What does this call for?" "Long division," I make answer. But I instruct Walt to put some gas in the truck and chart a course for Becher Lake.

We park the truck a quarter mile from the water and, proceeding ahead, I sneak through the timber and probe the battlefield with my glasses. Hum, geese all right. Threading my way back through the brush, I communicate the good news to the others. "One thousand?" they query. "Divided by fifty," I correct. Ah, well, this neck of the woods being what it is, about twenty was all I expected to find there in the first place.

'Tis an ideal place for murdering a flotilla of geese and I place the lads in a timbered gully over which I think the geese MIGHT come and cache myself behind a shallow ridge where I am certain they WILL come, and then send my boy round to the other end of the lake to insure that the birds are launched in the proper direction. Ten minutes later the ganders begin to honk and Meat-in-the-Pot quivers. Here they come! Gosh swoggle it, I'm out of luck! The birds are going out over those second growth firs in which I concealed Mollie. Three hundred yards away—two hundred—one hundred! My Gawd! What's that red shirt tail doing flapping in the breeze? What's that patch of white I see down there—undergarments? Say, what's happening down there in those bushes, anyway? Darned if I know. (Hope you don't either, Fair Lady.) Right over Mollie's head they go, and in desperate endeavor that unfortunate tries to remedy the error, but alas!

it is too late. How can anybody shoot geese when the top of his pants are down around his ankles?

Seems as if we are sure skunked on this set up, and me—I'm a trifle hostile (as any good guide would have the right to be), as I drop down into the gully with the intention of asking Mollie why in tarnation he couldn't hang onto things another three minutes. But by the time I get there my better nature has once more regained control of the situation and I make no mention of the incident. What would life be without its little reverses? And, anyway, I've been caught short myself at times.

Yes, sir, it seems like we're beat this time all right; but me, I'm never licked so long as I've one ten-gauge shell left in my pocket.

What's the boy hollering about up there on yonder sidehill?

'A lone goose up here behind a rock—a cripple!"

Cripple, eh! I've seen that kind before close to the edge of a lake, birds which have caught a charge of shot plumb in their stern end—just enough to make them sick for the time being—no more—no less.

"Can he fly?" "Don't know," floats back the answer. "Sort of droopy-looking."

"My gosh, lad, you've got to make him fly. We need him in the business down here. Get that bird out on the runway—turn his beak into the wind—get that goose airborne!"

Good lad where geese are concerned, that boy of mine. Should

be, seeing as how he cut his eye-teeth on goose flesh and has been eating it ever since. He chases that bird all around the sidehill and I hear it honk in sickly sort of fashion. By that big red patch on me grandfather's britches, it's in the air!"

"Nobody shoots at that goose only Mollie, on account of all he gets out of that big flock at Raven Lake is mud in the eye. Remember its his bird," I order.

"You're a fair-minded man," murmurs Skittles, breaking his gun and inserting a couple of No. 2's.

"Thanks," I agree modestly, pumping one up into the 10 bore.

"Fair enough for anybody." Walt is standing a few feet behind me when he makes the utterance, but from the corner of one eye I see he is sneaking a 30-30 shell into the barrel of his carbine.

"Steady there—here it comes!" The bird is having a hard time to stay aloft, but it manages to clear the tree tops, flying so low you could knock its brains out with a sling-shot. Abreast of us now and BANG! Hiroshima and the Atomic Bomb? Brother, if you had been

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## BIG GAME GUIDE

*continued from page 58*

in the bottom of that gulch when that unfortunate goose tried to sneak by! With the weight of lead which strikes it the bird skids sideways ten feet, then all I see is a pile of feathers blowing in every direction.

I look suspiciously at Walt. "Did you blast at that bird with the 30-30?" His eyes widen. "Who me?" "Yes, you. Something buzzed by my right ear—weren't a butterfly, either. Don't you know its a grievous breach of the Game Laws to shoot at geese with a rusty 30-30?" And half to myself I add: "No wonder both those Game Commissioners have got 'em." "Got what?" he asks. (Inquisitive sort of a guy.) "Stomach ulcers, of course. All Government Officials get stomach ulcers sooner or later. They go with the job. Didn't you know that?" That fellow knows nothing.

"A pretty piece of shooting if ever I saw any," I congratulate Mollie.

"Not bad, old boy, not bad at all. Tricky sort of a shot, the way the bird was weaving among the tree-tops. And talking about tricky shots, did I ever tell you of the time I got a right and a left on partridges—?"

No, he never did, and I'm not interested either. Partridges! Takes three brace of those birds to make one meal for a hungry man of the woods and by the time you figure up the cost of the shells the proposition is not economically sound.

Mollie retrieves what is left of his goose. "Gracious me, what a weighty bird," he proclaims, handing me the carcass to heft. And weighty is right! I come near telling him that if he were packing as much lead as that goose he'd be weighty, too; but you've got to use diplomacy in this guiding racket.

The oldtimers in these parts still talk about the celebrations which went on up at Kert's place that

night. As this is the last night of the hunt I have arranged to commemorate the proceedings in good honest Chilcotin style. Bad news travels fast, but news of this kind travels faster! From North, South, East and West, like a swarm of bees, they come—Cowpokes from the neighboring ranches, mossbacks from the jackpine timber, Siwashes from half a dozen different rancheries. Some, in their haste to get in at the kill, play their cayuses out back on the prairie, but they tie 'em up to a cottonwood tree and keep moving forward, batwing chaps flapping in the breeze, spurs plowing up the bunch grass roots. The last guest—an oldtimer who has been holed up back of Bald Mountain for the last five years—passes through the portals at 10:15 p.m. He passes out at ten-thirty. Half the Indians in the Chilcotin are paralyzed out there in the lane what with them just smelling the empty bottles I heave out the window. Eleven p.m. and we are dragging the lads out by their heels in steady rhythmical fashion, cording them up on the back porch. At the last stroke of midnight I pound the pool table with my gavel and call the gathering to order. Mounting the table in solemn dignity, I treat them to a short fifteen-minute talk on "International Good Will—or Harmony Among The Brethren Of The Nations." Having taken a couple of bows in acknowledgment of the thunderous roars of ap-

plause which greet the magnificent style of my oration, I line them up at the foot of the pool table, wave my baton, and call for God Save the King. But, shucks, what's the use! Half of these guys think the Royal House of Hanover is some stopping place way down the Cariboo Road and the ones who do know what it's all about haven't any music in them, anyhow. So what with an Englishman, a Swede and a cow-poke fellow from Montana knifing each other to shreds in the sitting room—half a dozen coyotes squabbling around the carcass of that horse which lies on yonder hill—and an eighty-year-old squaw beating the War Drum from her point of vantage atop the picket fence (noisy old bat—should have been dead years ago), you never heard such an awful racket since the days of Noah's Ark.

Well, folks, all things come to an end at last and I just now did receive a wire from the Editor which reads — Quote — TIME YOU PUT SKIDS UNDER THAT ONE STOP WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE STOP SIR WALTER SCOTT QUESTION MARK—Unquote.

Next morning I wave them goodbye and Godspeed. "We'll be back next year after the Mooses," they shout as the stage picks up speed.

"Fine," I respond. "And don't forget to bring four or five cases of ten-gauge along—You know, just so I can finish off the cripples!"



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